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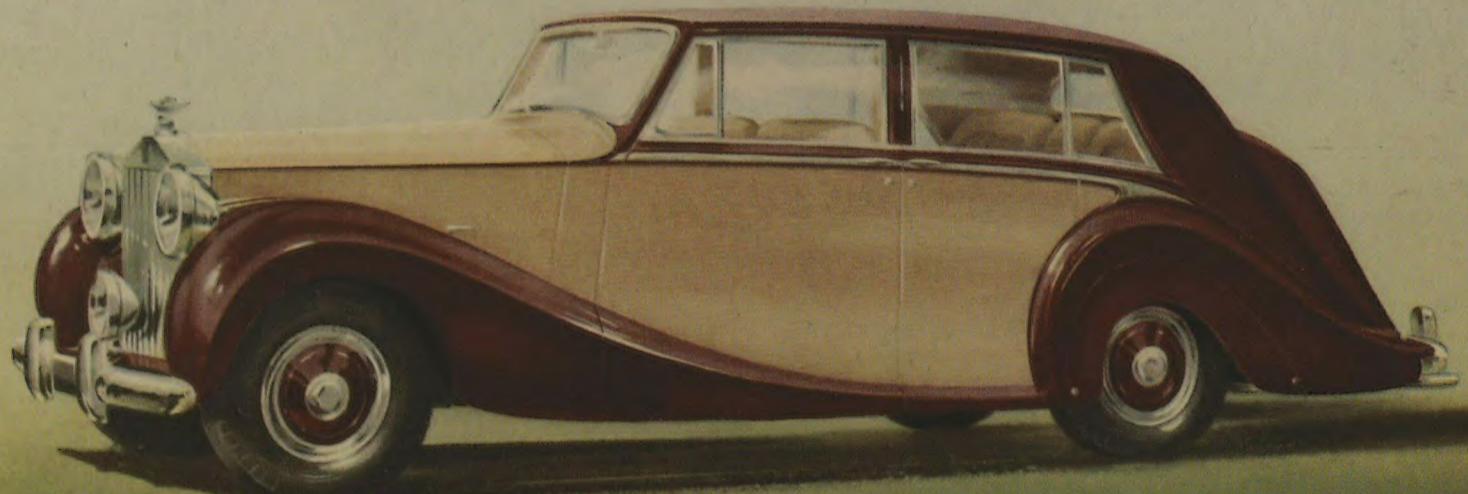
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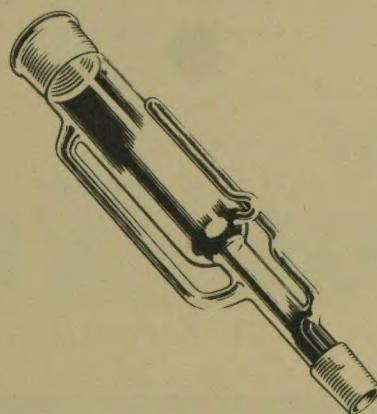
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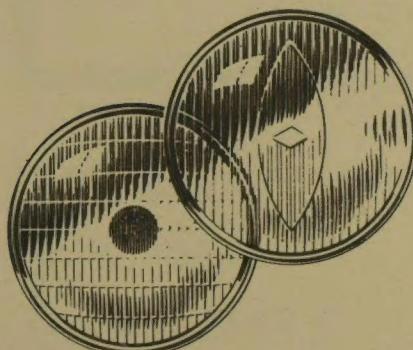
FOR LABORATORIES

— a Soxhlet extractor made of 'Pyrex'. Joblings are the largest makers of glass laboratory ware and scientific apparatus in the United Kingdom



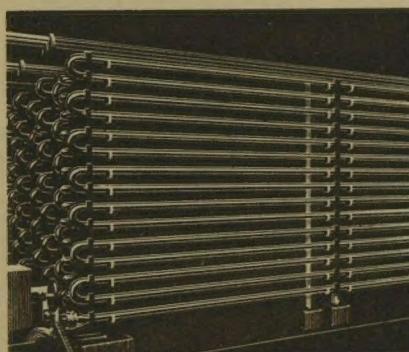
FOR MOTORISTS

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PLOUGHING FOR OIL PLANT

On the marshy Isle of Grain in Kent, some 750,000 cubic yards of soil, poor for farming, are being moved in the construction of Britain's latest oil plant.

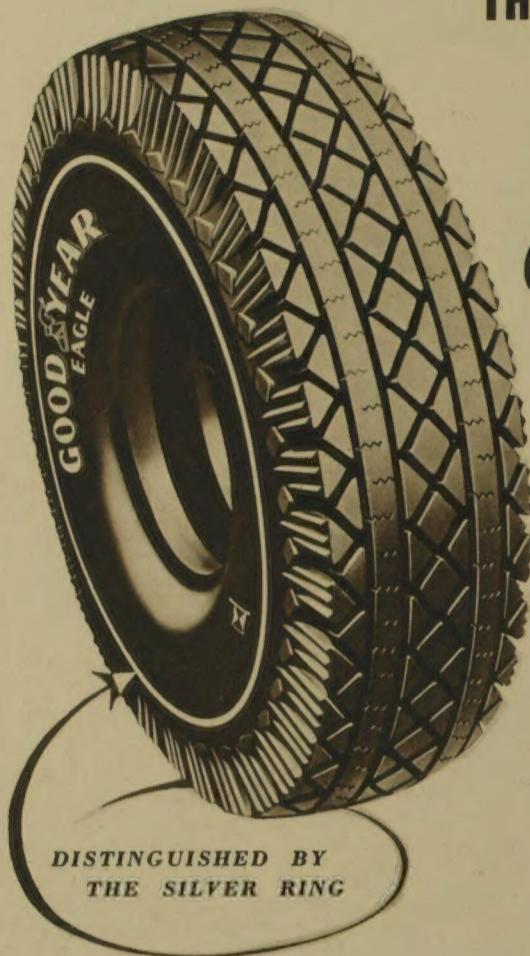
On this site, Anglo-Iranian's fourth refinery in the United Kingdom is rapidly taking shape. By 1953 it will be in full operation, producing over two and a half million gallons of petroleum products a day; and one more stage will have been completed in Anglo-Iranian's world-wide programme of refinery expansion.

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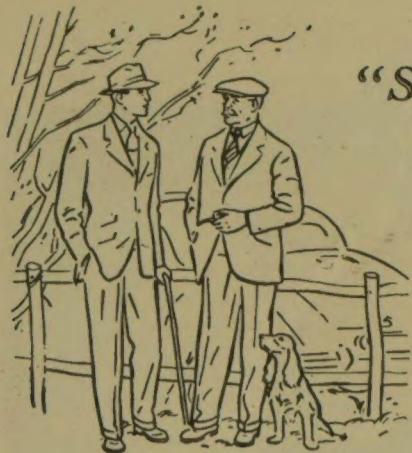
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Foot perspiration is healthy
but it must escape

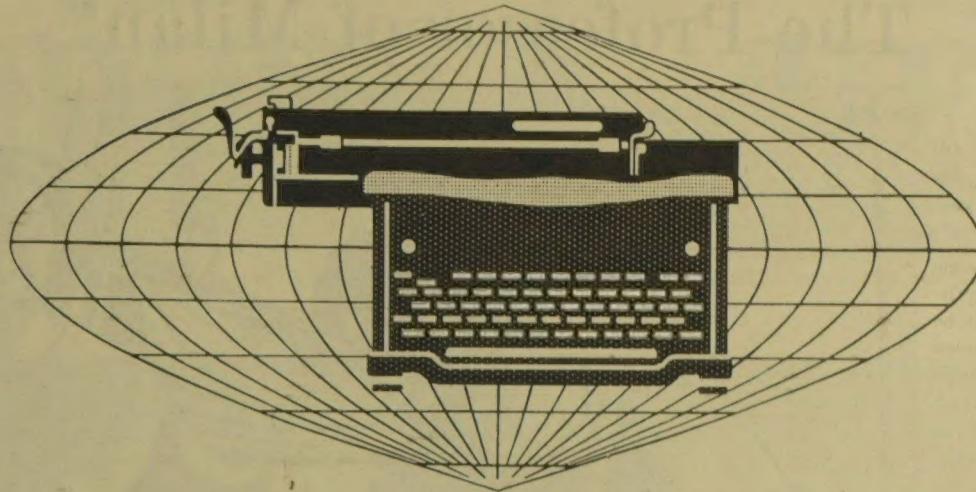
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REAL TESORO SHERRY**

(The Spaniards say Ray-AL Tes-ORO which means Royal Treasure)

FROM YOUR WINE MERCHANT

Sole Importers : C. H. Tapp & Co. Ltd.

The Professor of Milan*

THIE Professor went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For the watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The waterproof Oyster case had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex Rotor, the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the "jerk" principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on its axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle motion of the sea that actuated it!

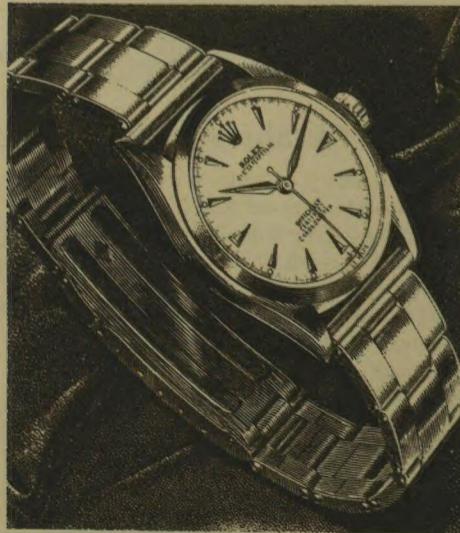
Well that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the Professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but all watches have enemies—dust, damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the mainspring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and stay accurate.

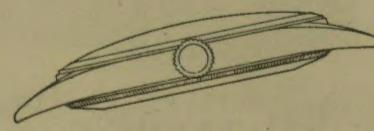
* This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cutolo of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



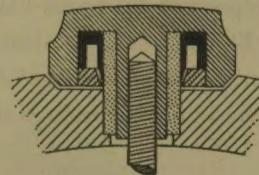
eric fraser



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual—truly a monarch among watches. The astonishingly accurate movement, perfectly protected by the Oyster case, is given added precision by the self-winding mechanism. The tension on the mainspring is much more even and overwinding is impossible.



This new, slim, hand-finished case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals.



Another Rolex first—the Phantom Crown: waterproof, even when pulled out for hand-setting! Another proof of Rolex leadership.

"They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. And when on dry land they held it in their hands they gazed at it with stupefaction."

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For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, write to the Rolex Watch Company, Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1952.



FOUND! FIVE DOGS MAROONED ON A TINY ISLAND AMID THE SWIRLING MISSOURI FLOODWATERS ARE LOCATED BY A HELICOPTER AND AWAIT A LAST-MINUTE RESCUE AS THE RIVER RISES EVER HIGHER.

On other pages in this issue we describe the Missouri floods, which have left behind them a trail of damaged homes and property as the crest swept down through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. This photograph was taken from a helicopter, whose shadow can be seen on the floodwaters, and shows five

dogs huddled together on a tiny mound near a barn in South Sioux City, Nebraska. The residents [of the area were forced to leave as the floodwaters rose ever higher. It is to be hoped that even in such a great emergency the marooned animals had not long to wait before they were rescued.

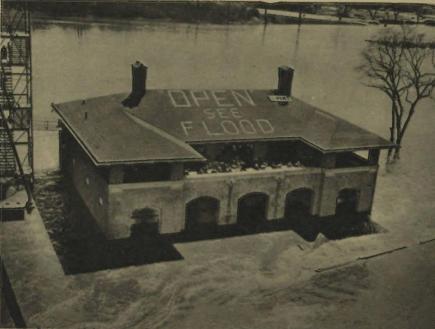


AN ISLAND IN THE FLOODS: PART OF A FARM ENCIRCLED BY AN EARTHEN DYKE AMIDST THE RISING WATERS OF THE MISSOURI JUST SOUTH OF BLENCOE, IOWA.

ASPECTS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER FLOODS IN A DISASTER WHICH LEFT THOUSANDS HOMELESS



INDICATING THE DEPTH OF FLOODWATER AT SIOUX CITY ON APRIL 12: NEARLY SUBMERGED ROAD SIGNS ONE OF WHICH WELCOMES THE TRAVELLER TO THE FLOODED CITY, ON A MAIN ROAD.



MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD SITUATION: A RESTAURANT OWNER ADVERTISING THE FLOODWATERS AS AN ATTRACTION FOR PATRONS, WHO MAY LUNCH AND WATCH THE RIVER.



STREAMING ACROSS THE RAILWAY LINE TO INUNDATE CALIFORNIA JUNCTION, IOWA: THE SURGING WATERS OF THE MISSOURI AS THE RIVER NEARED ITS CREST IN THAT AREA ON APRIL 14.



TAKING THE READING ON THE WATER-INTEAKE GAUGE AT THE FLORENCE PUMPING-STATION, OMAHA: THE CHIEF CLERK [LEFT].

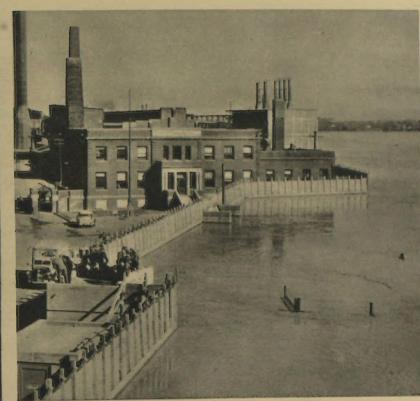
With the coming of spring to the Mid-Western States of the United States, the Missouri, fed by melting snow, swelled over its banks and swept through the Dakotas, lowa and Nebraska inundating more than 1,000,000 acres of farmland, driving thousands of people from their homes and causing millions of dollars worth of damage. Many towns along the banks were evacuated and left with anti-looting patrols as the only inhabitants. Volunteers assisted Army engineers

to erect auxiliary levees and fill thousands of sandbags. The same picture was presented in the valley of the Mississippi where the river reached a record level of 21 ft at South St. Paul, and the Governor asked President Truman to declare Minnesota a disaster area. On April 16, President Truman flew over the flooded areas on his way to a conference at Omaha with the Governors of North and South Dakota, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Minnesota. He said:

THE MID-WESTERN STATES OF THE U.S.A.: AND CAUSED INCALCULABLE DAMAGE.



WITH AN ADVERTISEMENT BOARDING PROVIDING A TOUCH OF HUMOUR TO A GRIM SITUATION: A STREET SCENE IN SIOUX CITY AFTER THE FLOODWATERS HAD ENTERED THE CITY.



LEVEL WITH THE FOOT OF A HASTILY ERECTED WOODEN FLASHBOARD: FLOODWATERS OF THE MISSOURI ABOVE THE 28-FT. LEVEL AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, ON APRIL 16.



LOADING A BARGE WITH SANDBAGS WHILE ANOTHER BARGE, LOADED WITH LARGE STONES, STANDS BY: VOLUNTEERS WORKING TO STEM THE INRUSH OF THE FLOODED MISSOURI THROUGH A BROKEN MAIN SEWER AT OMAHA.



REFUGEES FROM THE MISSOURI FLOODS: SOME OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO WERE HOUSED AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, AFTER BEING EVACUATED FROM THEIR HOMES.



WATCHED BY WEARY WORKERS ON AN AUXILIARY LEVEE HASTILY ERECTED AT OMAHA: A BIG PIPE DISCHARGING AN ENDLESS STREAM OF WATER BACK INTO THE RIVER.



TAKING STOCK IN PERSON: PRESIDENT TRUMAN [RIGHT] VIEWING THE MISSOURI FLOODS FROM HIS AIRCRAFT WHILE FLYING TO OMAHA FOR A CONFERENCE ON THE FLOODS. A sandbag and big stones. On April 21 it was reported that the flood crest of the Missouri, having passed Omaha, was threatening the city of St. Joseph and Fort Leavenworth. A flood station, where the river was within a foot of the top of the dykes. At the President's conference, Lieut.-General Pick, commanding the Army Engineer Corps, stated that if the engineering recommendations made in 1946 had been accepted the present floods "would not have occurred."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HALF-A-CENTURY ago, when the writer of this page was a little boy, almost every enlightened, or supposedly enlightened, man and woman believed in the concept of material progress. They supposed, the more optimistic of them—at that happy time the overwhelming majority of thinking men—that the world was becoming a better place, materially speaking, or, if they happened to be pessimists, at least that it was capable of becoming so. To-day scarcely anyone subscribes to the former proposition. With atomic bombs, guided missiles and other devices growing every year more capable of destroying the whole of humanity and all its hopes and achievements, no one can reasonably suppose that the world is bound to grow better in a material sense. Large numbers, however, still believe that the world is capable of progressing if only human beings could act a little more wisely. We could so easily, it is felt, use atomic energy and similar scientific discoveries to improve the lot of mankind. All that is required is a little wisdom, a little goodwill, a little restraint, a little more capacity for co-operation.

Wiv a ladder and some glasses,
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in
between !

But perhaps in another fifty years men will have come to doubt whether such a thing as material progress exists at all. It is a sobering reflection that our ancestors who built the great mediaeval cathedrals, who raised the spire of Salisbury and the fane of Ely, were in this sense complete pessimists and were convinced—in the teeth of the material evidence around them—that the world was growing worse and was in a process of tragic and inevitable decay. They managed, it is true, to keep tolerably cheerful in the midst of such melancholy reflections, as human beings, indeed, generally do. The Wife of Bath, for instance, must have grown to womanhood during the epoch when the Black Death swept away nearly half the population of England; yet it tickled her about her heart's root, it will be remembered, to think that she had had her world as in her time. Readers of Pepys may recall a similar paradox—one happily inherent in human nature—of how when the Great Plague of London was at its height, to say nothing of the Dutch War, the diarist noted that a wedding feast which he attended gave him more pleasure and content than any other event in his life. That is how men and women are made, and it has nothing to do with how they think. And throughout the Middle Ages, from the fall of Rome until the age of Shakespeare and Francis Bacon, our ancestors were convinced that the world was a declining place and that their only hope lay in their salvation and redemption as individuals through the sacrifice and miracle of Christ's death and resurrection. The world, they were convinced, was past saving. It was most manifestly doomed.

In this, taking the very long—the geological—view, they were, if reason is any guide, undoubtedly right. In the shorter view of their limited physical vision they were also, as we know, wrong. A great deal came to pass in the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and even twentieth centuries that, had they been able to foresee, would have profoundly modified their pessimistic view of the inevitability of worldly and material decay. A contemporary of Chaucer's, suddenly confronted with our modern transport system, our luxury flats, our hospital wards and operating theatres, our libraries, cinemas, telephones and radio, would probably, after his recovery from the first shock of these things, have reached the conclusion that the great age of the world was not behind but ahead of him. Indeed, it was probably the bewildering effect of such mechanical and scientific achievements

on the mind of man that turned him in the centuries of their birth and development into such an uncritical optimist. He assumed, because he could travel at twice or twenty times the speed of his ancestors, that he was twice or twenty times as fortunate. He failed to grasp, as we are to-day coming to realise, that he had merely changed the material scenery against which the unchanging drama of human existence is played out. The joy or agony, relief or suspense of individual life can be just as great when experienced in an aeroplane or express train as when on the back of a camel. The real essentials of life and death, happiness and misery, remain exactly the same. In this there is neither progress nor its reverse. There is merely a material background—the world—and suffering, despairing, sinful, bewildered humanity.

If anyone doubts this he has only to consider how many of the major political problems that confront mankind to-day are, in fact, created by the

very material progress we acclaim and make the basis of our hopes. Whether we are contemplating labour unrest at the proposal to make a charge for State-issued dentures, or the international friction between Great Britain, India and the Union of South Africa about the political rights of the various racial types inhabiting the latter country, we are faced with the disturbing fact that, but for the scientific achievements of the last 200 years, these particular problems could not exist. Without the triumphs of dental surgery and without new technical methods of milling and preserving food, the issue of free or unfree dentures on a large scale would neither be possible nor, for that matter, even necessary! There would be nothing to dispute, nothing, so far as this particular problem was concerned, to embitter the relations between one party or class and another. Without almost miraculous advances in ocean transport and metallurgical machinery the existence side by side in South Africa of large sections of humanity drawn from different parts of the world would be equally impossible. The inflammatory situation, which in the next half-century may quite conceivably plunge South Africa, and possibly even the whole world, into racial war, would not and could not exist. The same is true of almost every major problem confronting us; our technical and scientific achievements have alone made it possible. This does not, of course, mean that other and equally grave problems would not have faced humanity at the present time had these technical and scientific advances never been made. They would have done so for the same fundamental reason: the frailties and imperfections of human nature. The physical soil in which the latter operated would have been different, and so have created problems of another kind.

But they would have been

just as much problems. One cannot expel human nature with an atomic pile any more than with a pitchfork: it remains the same.

The fools are only thinner
With all our cost and care,
For neither side's a winner
And things are as they were!

In other words, though it is comparatively easy to change the physical scenery of the human stage, there is only one way to give the drama that is played there a happier ending. It is to change and improve human nature. In our passionate belief in material progress we have been concentrating on the wrong thing. It is time we stopped thinking about the *decors* and went back to the play. For, in this as in other matters, the play's the thing!



THE DEATH OF A FORMER SOCIALIST CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, WHO DIED IN SWITZERLAND ON APRIL 21 AFTER A LONG ILLNESS BORNE WITH UNFLINCHING COURAGE. Sir Stafford Cripps died in Switzerland on April 21, three days before his sixty-third birthday. He had been fighting illness, a spinal infection and a rare abdominal complaint, for more than two years. Sir Stafford Cripps, the youngest son of the first Lord Parmoor, was educated at Winchester and at University College, London. In 1913 he was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple, in 1926 he took silk, and was then the youngest K.C. He joined the Socialist Party in 1929 and became Solicitor-General in 1930. His extreme Left Wing views led to his expulsion from the Party in 1939. From 1940-42 he was Ambassador to Moscow; he then became Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons. His breach with the Socialist Party was formally healed at the end of the war. From 1947 until his resignation in October 1950, on account of ill-health, he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. His absolute integrity won him the respect of all, including his political opponents. [Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.]



HER MAJESTY'S LAST INSPECTION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS AS COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT: THE QUEEN ON HER TWENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY WALKING IN INCLEMENT WEATHER UP AND DOWN THE RANKS IN THE GRAND QUADRANGLE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On April 21, her Majesty's twenty-sixth birthday, the Queen held her first ceremonial parade, at Windsor, to say farewell to the Grenadier Guards as Colonel of the Regiment. Her Majesty first addressed the Regiment as Colonel on her sixteenth birthday, and she has now assumed the Colonel-in-Chief of all the Guards regiments. The parade, numbering some 700, included the 1st Battalion, a detachment of the 2nd Battalion, now serving in Germany, and representatives of the 3rd Battalion, now stationed in Egypt. In driving rain her Majesty, dressed in

black and wearing her Grenadier Guards cipher brooch, walked up and down the ranks drawn up in the Grand Quadrangle. From a window above the Sovereign's entrance the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, watched the ceremony. The Grenadiers paraded without arms and wearing capes, which deprived the scene of the colour of their scarlet tunics. In her farewell speech the Queen said: "I never hear 'The British Grenadiers' without a stirring of my heart, and a feeling of pride and comradeship."

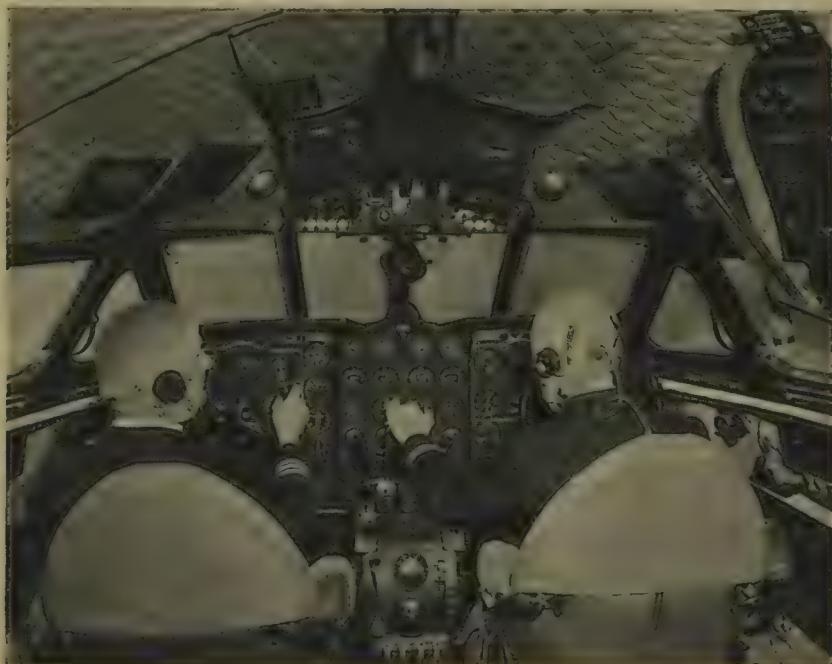
BRITAIN'S "COMETS" OPEN THE WORLD'S FIRST REGULAR JET-LINER SERVICE.



TO INITIATE ON MAY 2 THE WORLD'S FIRST REGULAR JET AIRLINER SERVICE : ONE OF B.O.A.C.'S DE HAVILLAND COMETS, PERHAPS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AIRCRAFT.



AFRICAN TRANSPORT—TWO STYLES : A COMET JET AIRLINER, ON A PROVING FLIGHT, AT KHAUTOUM, BEING ADMIRED BY THREE CAMEL-BORNE MEMBERS OF THE SUDAN POLICE.



AT THE CONTROLS OF A COMET JET AIRLINER : THE PILOT (LEFT), CAPTAIN R. F. GRIFFIN, WITH THE CO-PILOT, FLYING OFFICER A. E. WILLEY, ON THE RIGHT.



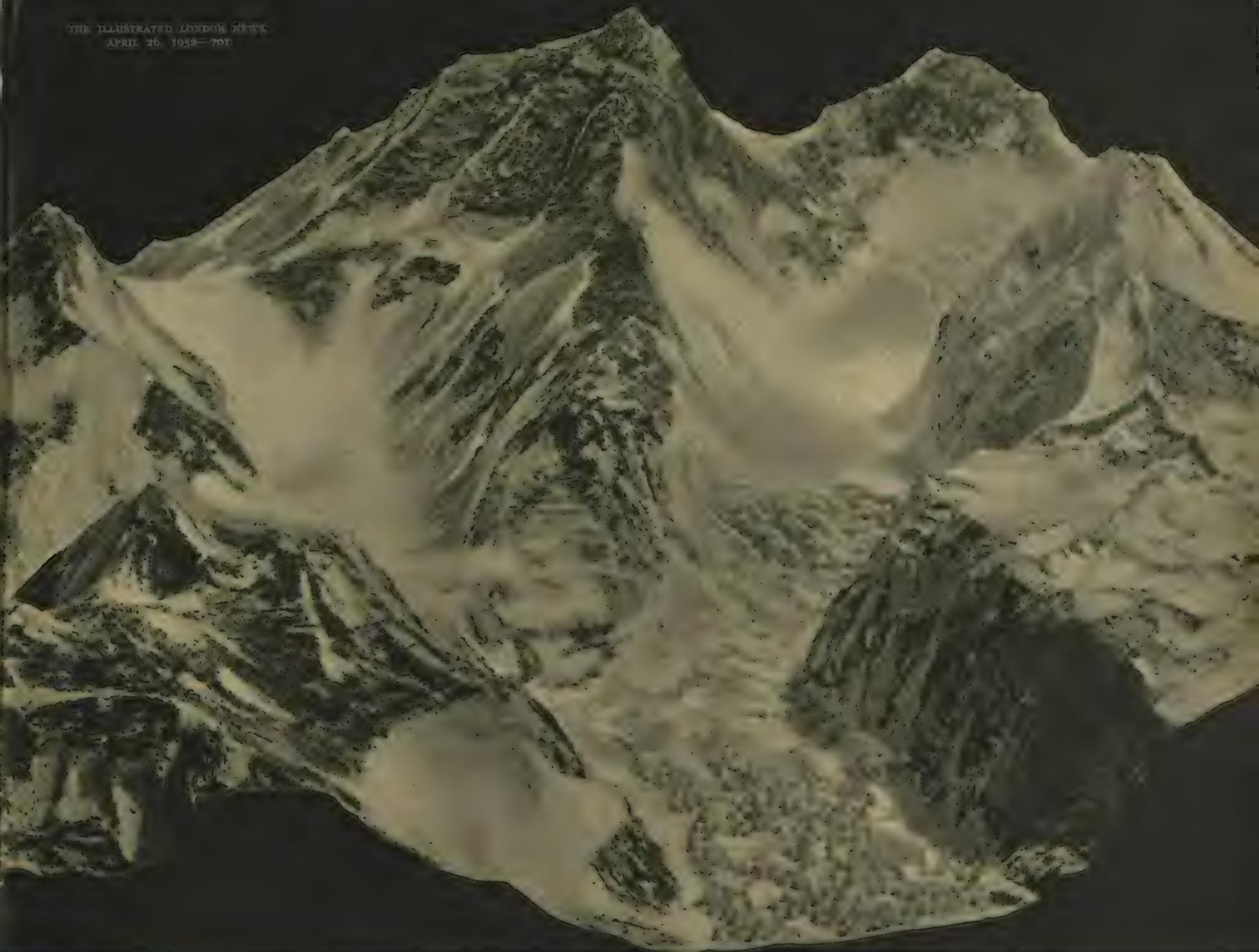
DEMONSTRATING THE STEADINESS AND ABSENCE OF VIBRATION OF THE COMET AIRLINER : BALANCING CIGARETTES AND BUILDING HOUSES OF CARDS AT SPEEDS UP TO 500 M.P.H.



ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE STEADINESS AND COMFORT OF THE COMET JET AIRLINERS WHICH ARE TO OPERATE THE LONDON-JOHANNESBURG ROUTE : SERVING A MEAL.

May 2 marks the opening of a new era of air travel, when the world's first regular jet airliner service begins—the *Comet* service between London and Johannesburg. These extremely comfortable airliners—fully pressurised—will fly at speeds up to 500 m.p.h., at a height of 40,000 ft., well above variations of weather, with an absence of vibration best illustrated by the balanced cigarettes in one of our pictures. The journey is divided into three sections—London-Beirut,

Beirut-Khartoum, Khartoum-Johannesburg—with a change of crew for each section. The total time for the whole journey is (at present) 23 hours 40 mins.; while the flying time London to Johannesburg is 18 hours 40 mins., Johannesburg to London, 18 hours 55 mins. These *Comets* are powered by four De Havilland *Ghost* turbojets; but later models will have Rolls-Royce *Avon* turbojets, which, it is said, will give an increased range at the same speed.



MOUNT EVEREST AT THE B.I.F.: A 10-INCH-TO-THE-MILE SCALE MODEL SHOWING THE VIEW LOOKING UP THE MYSTERIOUS WESTERN CWM, WHICH WAS PARTIALLY EXPLORED BY THE SHIPTON EXPEDITION LAST AUTUMN. MOUNT Lhotse CAN BE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.

A FEATURE of this year's British Industries Fair, due to open in London on May 5, will be a 10-inch-to-the-mile scale model of Mount Everest, which has been made by a South Kensington firm of master model-makers and designers, Cockade, Ltd., working in collaboration with Mr. Eric Shipton. Before he left London on March 24, to lead a British expedition in the ascent of Mount Cho-Oyu, Mr. Shipton made a last-minute check-up of the model, which measures 6 ft. 6½ ins. by 5 ft. 10½ ins. and is 2 ft. 2 ins. from the top of the mountain to the base. Lightness was an essential feature of construction in order that

[Continued opposite.]



WORKING ON THE MOUNTAIN IN MINIATURE: MR. HOPKING, THE DESIGNER (LEFT), AND MR. CREAMER, THE MODEL-MAKER, MARKING OUT THE ROUTE THROUGH THE WESTERN CWM WHICH THE CURRENT SWISS EXPEDITION IS TAKING.

MOUNT EVEREST IN LONDON: A SCALE MODEL OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN AT THE B.I.F.

Continued.
it could, if required, be transported by air to other countries. The model weighs about 200 lb., which includes 56 lb. of plaster and 600 sq. ft. of hardboard. All the surrounding peaks and approaches to Everest are shown over an area of 7.8 miles from east to west and 7 miles from north to south. The Western Cwm, partially explored by Mr. Shipton during his 1951 expedition, and which has inspired the current Swiss ascent of Everest by this new western route, is clearly shown. Marked on the model is the original base camp for the 1951 expedition, south of Lho-La; a flag shows the highest point that Mr. Shipton has reached.



THE SECRET OF THE AUTHOR OF "CRANFORD."

"ELIZABETH GASKELL. HER LIFE AND WORK"; By A. B. HOPKINS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS HOPKINS, who has had the advantage of consulting unpublished family letters, and has taken immense pains with published records, has written a book about Mrs. Gaskell which would have satisfied the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. She quotes Sir Arthur as saying: "Few people go further than explore Cranford, believing that they have captured the secret of Mrs. Gaskell." "Cranford," she adds, "suggests that its author must have been a lady of refinement, with a delightful sense of humour and quick sympathies generously exercised toward any in distress. It suggests, too, that she must have led a serene, rural life, for the most part contented and uneventful—a life which would offer little of particular interest to write about. Actually no surmises could be further from the truth..."

She certainly loved "a serene, rural life"; she knew it at Knutsford and described it in "Cranford." Had she been born in Jane Austen's circle her novels might have largely centred upon it. But, although she came of prosperous middle-class stock and spent most of her youth in rustic surroundings, her family circle was Unitarian and, still young, she married a Unitarian minister who had a mission in Manchester.

What would have happened to Miss Austen had she met the same fate—though I cannot conceive of her as either wedding a Dissenter or living in Manchester—is difficult to guess. Had Mrs. Gaskell spent her life in Miss Austen's surroundings we may be sure that, although loving the countryside and its antiquities, and relishing country life and character, she would have taken much more notice than Miss Austen ever took of the servants, the labourers, the farmers, the industrial fabric and the "problems" of agriculture. As things were, she was plunged into ugliness, slums, starvation and unemployment, and first drew notice (for all her natural buoyancy and pastoral tastes) as a writer of novels exhibiting the conditions of workmen during slumps, the spectres of unemployment and want, the conflict of classes, the all-round misunderstandings and unnecessary suspicions. To her own time she was mainly known as "the (at first anonymous) author of *Mary Barton*," which dealt with industrial strife; and "Ruth," in which she dared put up a case for the rescue of a girl with an illegitimate child. Later, she lived in the great literary world, knew all the lions, travelled a great deal (leaving at home her rigid, but still-loved husband, who took her earnings and gave her what she needed) and was in a fair way to settling down in a congenial place when she died. Her last, and perhaps best, book was "Wives and Daughters," and she died in the house she had just taken at Alton, in Hampshire, a few miles from Jane Austen's home, and by no means reminiscent of either Manchester or that bleak parsonage at Haworth to the story of whose sad denizens she had devoted so much time and care.

This is a very substantial, thorough and interesting book. The author's intention has been to show Mrs. Gaskell in all her aspects, as she was, without any exhibiting of her own cleverness or personality. These, in fact, are made clear by the sagacity with which material is selected and the perspicuity of the never-obtrusive commentary. Let not the reader be daunted, as I was to begin with, by the size of the book (which is partly accounted for by rich and voluminous appendices and notes), or by the author's rather cumbersome approach to her subject. Quite early I felt that this might be one of those biographies, common during the last thirty years, especially on what is evidently Miss Hopkins's side of the Atlantic,

which are padded out with conjectures and long, irrelevant descriptions of trifles. I came upon this overpowering example of the sort of thing I mean: "The records of Elizabeth Stevenson's school years are unfortunately of the thinnest nature. Even the recent history of the Byerley sisters' experiment in education adds practically nothing to what has long been known of their most famous pupil's residence at

of the songs are quite obviously written in her own hand. The book which naturally began as a model of neatness, as naturally peters out in this quality towards the end. There is an erasure, a bad blot, and musical notes are slovenly formed in pencil. The last pages, perhaps too

sloppy to be kept, have been cut out. The young lady had evidently tired of this kind of exercise. We wonder what mark she received for music on her report card if such records were in order at Avonmouth."

You may wonder, Miss Hopkins, thought I to myself, but your "we" certainly doesn't include "me": I am interested in a woman and a novelist, and I "couldn't care less" about that child's hypothetical marks: I

had rather dream of "what songs the Sirens sang," who were at least grown-up, perhaps too much so. Remembering certain other inflated works, I hesitated about going on. But the bitter memory of the Grand National was fresh in my mind. "You cannot," said I to myself, "emulate (though, in certain circumstances, you may condone) the actions of animals which fall at the first fence." So I took the leap, went on, and found out, to my surprise and delight, that there were no more fences.

I dislike these easy predictions; but I think the

ELIZABETH GASKELL AT THE AGE OF FORTY-ONE: A PORTRAIT BY GEORGE RICHMOND IN 1851.
The National Portrait Gallery.

book will become a "standard biography" and that it will enlarge the circle of Mrs. Gaskell's readers to such an extent that (as a cast stone causes expanding ripples in a pond) the demand for the biography itself will become greater and greater. In the light of that fact (or conjecture) I think the author might compress passages such as the one which I have quoted. I think also that somebody should go through the text with a fine comb for misprints and minor mistakes. Happy is the author who has no misprints; and, in a general way, I should not dwell on them in this place. But, solely in order to assist and stimulate the author and the publisher, I draw attention to a few. "Taton Park, the home of Lord Edgerton," should be "Tatton Park, the home of Lord Egerton"; Mrs. Jamieson in "Cranford" is not Jamison; Frances Power Cobbe was not "Cobb"; and (a lamentable slip where so close a cognate is concerned) the lover of Miss Austen's other Elizabeth was certainly not called "Darcey."

I have just finished "Cranford" again, and "The Life of Charlotte Brontë"; and have read them with such pleasure and admiration that I am deeply grateful to Miss Hopkins for sending me back to them. I am about to read certain books of Mrs. Gaskell's which I have never read before: entirely at Miss Hopkins's prompting. She must surely have a similar effect on other readers of her book; and Mrs. Gaskell may yet get her due as a novelist. As a woman this book reveals her as somebody one would have liked to have known, and to have known very well: sensitive, sensible, and amusing.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 726 of this issue.



ELIZABETH GASKELL'S "DEAR, ADOPTED, NATIVE TOWN": KNUTSFORD, IN CHESHIRE. AN OLD VIEW OF KING STREET. THE NOVELIST, WHO WAS BORN IN CHELSEA, SPENT HER CHILDHOOD AT KNUTSFORD. THIS ANCIENT LITTLE TOWN LATER BECAME CELEBRATED UNDER THE NAME OF "CRANFORD."



"SHE HAD A WELL-SHAPED HEAD, REGULAR, FINELY-CUT FEATURES, BRILLIANT, EXPRESSIVE, BLUE-GREY EYES, AND BEAUTIFUL HANDS... A MOUTH FIRM BUT KIND, ALMOST ALWAYS PLAYING INTO A SMILE": A MINIATURE OF ELIZABETH STEVENSON (LATER GASKELL) BY W. J. THOMPSON, SAID TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED IN EDINBURGH "JUNE 1830" (1831?), WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY-ONE.



MRS. GASKELL: A WATER-COLOUR PORTRAIT BY HER DAUGHTER META, DONE ABOUT 1865, THE YEAR OF ELIZABETH GASKELL'S DEATH.
Illustrations reproduced from the book "Elizabeth Gaskell. Her Life and Work," by courtesy of the publisher, John Lehmann.

covered, with marbled brown paper, and with a red spine. On a flyleaf there is inscribed: 'E. C. Stevenson. Avonbank, June 15th, 1825. Thursday.' Thursday may have been the day on which she began her study of music or at least began this book. Into this little volume she copied, sometimes in pencil, sometimes in ink, the music and the words of songs she was set to learn—simple airs, chiefly Scotch: 'My lodging is on the cold ground' (Scotch air) 'dolce crescendo, etc.' 'Cease from fuming.' 'Scots wha hae, etc.' 'Auld Robin Gray.' There are, too, a 'Swiss Waltz,' a 'Tyrolienne song,' and a 'Sicilian dirge.' The words of at least some



THE FLOATING MARKET OF BANGKOK: A VIEW OF ONE OF THE MANY KLONGS, OR CANALS, WHICH INTERSECT THAILAND'S CAPITAL AND, WITH THEIR THRONGS OF SAMPANS AND SMALL JUNKS, ARE AT ONCE WATERWAYS, RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS AND SHOPPING CENTRES.



ONE OF THE MARVELS OF BANGKOK: THE 160-FT.-LONG RECLINING BUDDHA OF THE WAT PO TEMPLE. GILDERS ARE SHOWN AT WORK RENEWING THE GILT IN THE VIHARA. THE SOLES OF THE BUDDHA'S FEET ARE COVERED WITH COMPLEX SYMBOLS IN MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

THE FLOATING MARKET; AND THE GILDED RECLINING BUDDHA—MARVELS OF THE SIAMESE CAPITAL, BANGKOK.

On pages 704-705 we reproduce a drawing by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, of the West Court of Bangkok's largest temple, the Wat Po; and in the centre background of that drawing appears a triple-gabled building, the Vihara of the Reclining Buddha. Viharas are preaching-halls; but this vihara, of which we show the interior in the lower drawing, is remarkable for housing a huge reclining statue of the Buddha. The image, which represents Buddha entering Nirvana, is

about 160 ft. long and 13 ft. high and is made of brickwork covered with a thick layer of cement and then gilded. The head is supported on the right hand, while the left arm is extended along the body. The soles of the feet are covered with designs in mother-of-pearl, including the Wheel of the Law, and these are believed to symbolise the marks and qualities by which the true Buddha was to be recognised. The vihara is also adorned with wall-paintings.



WHERE YOUNG MONKS MEDITATE AND STRAY DOGS SEEK SANCTUARY: THE WEST COURT

Bangkok, the brilliant and fascinating capital of Thailand, or Siam, is a relatively modern city. The old capital, Ayutthia, was destroyed in 1767 by Burmese invaders; and Bangkok, the new capital, was built by Phaya Takh Sin and the Rama dynasty (the present ruling house), which followed. The city lies at the mouth of the Menam River, and is much intersected by canals or khlongs. The

central part of the city lies in a loop of the river and is dominated by the Grand Palace, near which lies the Wat Po, the most extensive of all Bangkok's many temples. Our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, recently paid a visit to Bangkok and here, and on page 703 we reproduce some of the drawings he made there. The drawing above shows the west courtyard of the Wat Po, with its innumerable

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



OF THE WAT PO—BANGKOK'S LARGEST TEMPLE, WITH ITS BRILLIANT SPIRES AND TOWERS.

spires, brilliant with gilt, tiles and mirror-glass. In the centre background stands the tall, gilded stupa of the Reclining Buddha (see page 703); in front of it rise a number of other elaborate bell-shaped constructions, the four largest of which commemorate the first four kings of the Rama dynasty. In the right background stands a tall tower, one of the four prangs which mark the boundaries

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

of the temple compound. On its summit is the trident of Shiva. In the courtyard itself can be seen a group of saffron-robed young monks, boys in their teens, who are spending a few months in monastic meditation before doing their military service; and to the left some of the many stray dogs which seek an unmolested sanctuary within the temple precincts.

ON April 11 it was announced that General Eisenhower had applied to be relieved of his post as Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe, and that the President had given approval for his release to take effect on June 1. The news did not come as a surprise. The strength of the General's position as a possible Republican choice for the Presidency of the United States was as clear to the man in the street as to statesmen and party leaders. Speculation about his reasons for allowing his name to go forward is not the subject of this review. It may be that the chief of them was less personal ambition than a perfectly modest though none the less deep-seated belief that, in the circumstances of to-day, he would be a better Republican candidate and, if elected President, in a better position to preserve the work he had already accomplished than others who might take his place if he did not become a candidate. In any case, ambition would here be natural and honourable. There can be few men possessing his abilities and prestige who would refuse to bow to popular pressure to be considered for the Presidency of the United States.

General Eisenhower could justify in a formal sense the statement that "the specific purposes for which I was recalled to duty have been largely accomplished." Within two years the command and organisation have been set up and have proved effective. The principles on which they are based have been acknowledged to be sound. That is not to say that he will not be missed or that his successor will not have to face an anxious and arduous task. It was not in General Eisenhower's power to make up for all the time lost through indecision, nervousness, procrastination, and even ill will. The two connected problems of the defence of Western Germany by Germans and the creation of a European Army have not been solved even yet. Talkers have talked in circles and continue to do so. So we have reached the position that, although all expert opinion has united in considering the year 1953 to be exceptionally dangerous, the most important steps to render it less so, which could have been taken over a year ago, have not been taken yet. We cannot even say with certainty that they will be taken this year, and if they are they can have no immediate military effect. I dealt in greater detail with this sorry business only a fortnight ago.

Without doubt, the prestige, earnestness and energy of General Eisenhower counted as a strong factor in persuading vacillating and timid statesmen to do as much as they have already done and in applying pressure which may lead to further progress. They have also had the effect of encouraging and inspiring his own people, who have borne so much of the burden of putting Western Europe into a better—even if still inadequate—state of defence. Here lies one of the tasks of the Supreme Commander, and here will lie one of the chief difficulties of the successor to General Eisenhower. Yet perhaps optimists were apt to rate his powers too high, while the sluggards were inclined to shuffle off on to him a responsibility which he could not carry. "If Eisenhower is there, all's well." Yet he has never been a dictator. He has been the military servant of an international organisation, and even that is not all-powerful. The last word lies in every case with the nations which compose it and with one Government, that of Western Germany, which is still excluded from it. He has no spells but those of his personality. He is not a Cadmus who can sow a dragon's teeth from which armed warriors will spring up.

All that General Eisenhower could do he has done. That it has not been enough is not his fault but the fault of others, on whose heads history must lay the responsibility if the efforts to save Western Europe should prove insufficient and unavailing. We all of us said confidently that "the Munich years" would never be lived over again, and it is only just to acknowledge that they have not been. Yet ineffective and half-hearted measures of self-defence are not overwhelmingly superior to surrender of principles. As I have recalled before in these pages, the Commanders-in-chief Committee under Field Marshal Lord Montgomery was set up at Fontainebleau with almost as much enthusiasm as S.H.A.P.E. To begin with, it accomplished equally valuable work, which has in fact served as a basis for a great deal that has been done by its successor. Then, like a car in a bog, though its engine continued to run and its wheels to turn, it remained stationary. The penalty for that disaster was not exacted. If, however, history were

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. GENERAL EISENHOWER RESIGNS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

allowed to repeat itself, we should have no right to expect such fortune twice.

If there is one principle above all others which ought to be followed by Governments and peoples in this vital year it is that of not allowing the powerful distractions to which they will be subjected to immerse them to the total exclusion of international politics. The strongest of these distractions is, of course, the approaching Presidential election in the United States. In Europe they take the form of party strife, financial strain, and, worst of all, seductive propaganda in favour of easing off a little and making certain shortages in material the excuse. The responsibility of those engaged in this last design is heavier even than that of the political procrastinators. The former have, though they do not acknowledge the fact, for practical purposes allied themselves with the *saboteurs* who are deliberately and admittedly trying to cripple the



A VISIT "MERELY TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO MY OLD CHIEF AND FRIEND": FIELD MARSHAL EARL ALEXANDER, MINISTER OF DEFENCE, AT SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED POWERS IN EUROPE, WITH GENERAL EISENHOWER (LEFT) AND FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY.

Following the announcement that General Eisenhower had applied to be relieved of his post as Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe, and that President Truman had given approval for his release to take effect on June 1, Field Marshal Earl Alexander, Minister of Defence, flew to Paris on April 15 to pay a courtesy call on General Eisenhower at S.H.A.P.E. It was Lord Alexander's first visit to Supreme Headquarters, and it enabled him to meet senior members of General Eisenhower's staff. He was entertained at luncheon by the Supreme Commander and in the afternoon conferred with General Gruenthal, Chief of Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, the Air Deputy, and Admiral Lemonnier, Naval Deputy, before returning by air to London. Lord Alexander served under General Eisenhower in the Mediterranean.

efforts of Western Europe to rearm in order that it may stand defenceless in face of the enormous aggressive power of Soviet Russia. "Pernicious and perilous," the epithets applied by *The Times* to the notion of a pause in disarmament this year, are apt.

The selection of a successor may have been made before these lines appear, but the probability is that it will not. Without claiming any intimate knowledge on the subject and presuming that he will be an American, I should imagine that the short list will contain the names of Generals Ridgway, Collins and Gruenthal. The only possible difficulty as regards any of these three men is that they are considerably junior to Europeans who would be their subordinates—Generals Ridgway and Collins were commanding divisions when Field Marshal Lord Montgomery was commanding an army group, and the former of them actually served under his orders in that relationship. It may also be that General Ridgway cannot be spared from his command in the Far East and that the United States Government would object to releasing General Collins from his appointment as

Chief of Staff of the Army. In any case, I see no reason why the United States should be unable to select a man capable of doing the job and doing it well, provided that the political chiefs do their jobs. He will not be such another as General Eisenhower, but he will not be expected to be that.

The strategic insight and vast experience of General Eisenhower constitute invaluable assets, yet I should hesitate to say that they are his greatest. Civilians sometimes become impatient with the insistence of soldiers and writers on military affairs on the importance of character, yet it is not easy to exaggerate it. Character is obviously important in nearly all walks of life, but in none so much as in the career of arms. A statesman can ruin a nation or an alliance, but seldom as speedily and suddenly as a soldier, and I include under the title the professional in all the fighting services. His is the trade in which it is least likely that mere agility and speed of mind will see him through in adversity because the adversity which he has to face is so peremptory, so urgent and so agonising. Many gifted soldiers, indeed, who appear to possess the qualifications for high command, are unfitted for it because they have some slight weakness in character which would not show in other professions, and is sometimes not revealed until too late in their own. Everyone knew that General Eisenhower would not fail for lack of character and will.

This quality is, however, only one side of the personality of this well-equipped and well-balanced man. High command nowadays generally calls for an element of statesmanship, but nowhere in the world as insistently as in the case of the holder of General Eisenhower's present office. He can chide without giving offence, instil confidence without descending to demagogic or deception, and comprehend and make allowances even when he disapproves or condemns. Even where he has not succeeded in imposing his will he has accomplished much towards the achievement of his purpose by persuasion and reconciliation of conflicting opinions. His speeches on political affairs have on occasion been daring and unorthodox, but he has shown in them a remarkable knack of avoiding offence and wounding national or personal susceptibilities. He has shown himself an idealist with a basis of hard and homely common sense. If he sometimes loses his temper, as his latest biographer says, he confines that foible to private occasions, where it is relatively innocent. He does not lose his dignity when he displays affability. As Kipling wrote of another great American:

The heat of his spirit

Struck warm through all lands;

For he loved such as showed

'Emselfs men of their hands.

The portrait, it may be objected, of a fabulous creature, the superman. Not at all, because it is not yet complete and there is much that has no kinship whatever with this creature. Intellectually, outside his profession he is by all accounts the average man, not a great reader or deep thinker, not interested in ideas beyond the ordinary, not a votary of the arts, at all events in their higher manifestations. If his brow is not low, it is perhaps just a shade below middle, a shade nearer low than high. This has not been to his disadvantage. The average man is glad to see high qualities of leadership in his leaders, but he likes to see some of his own characteristics

too. They make him feel more comfortable. I am speaking here of General Eisenhower's position as Supreme Commander, Europe, not of what may await him in the home politics of the United States, which is outside my present concern. Over here he has won the respect of men of all types of mind.

We may be certain that before he leaves Europe he will make some public utterance on the subject of the task he is laying down and its state as he quits it. This time I hope he will be franker than ever. Plain speaking is needed, and nobody commands more attention than he. He has done good service to the cause of Western Europe, and it has accomplished much that is creditable. But it has fallen short of its declared aims, which were not outside its abilities. He will not feel that the tributes he receives are of high value or even thoroughly sincere unless he recognises in them a token of determination to mend bad ways and make up for lost time, so far as the fates permit. If he discerns this, he will feel it to be a better reward and a loftier honour than any plaudits or any eloquence.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IN AIR AND GROUND OPERATIONS IN MALAYA.



(ABOVE.) BOMBS BURSTING IN THE JUNGLE : A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE COCKPIT OF A BRIGAND BOMBER OF THE FAR EAST AIR FORCE.

(RIGHT.) SHOWING THE IBAN TRACKER, RIFLE ON SHOULDER, ON THE LEFT : A CONFERENCE DURING AN OPERATION NEAR KUALA LUMPUR, IN WHICH AN R.A.F. REGIMENT (MALAYA) SQUADRON TOOK PART.

THE photographs on this page illustrate the part the Royal Air Force is taking in both air and ground operations in Malaya. Bombing terrorist concentrations in the jungle presents many difficulties, not the least being the excellent

[Continued opposite.]



ABOVE THE TOWN OF BENTONG : A BRISTOL BRIGAND TWIN-ENGINED THREE-SEAT GENERAL PURPOSE BOMBER PHOTOGRAPHED DURING AN OPERATIONAL FLIGHT IN MALAYA.

Continued.]

cover provided by the dense mass of vegetation, so that it is well-nigh impossible to pin-point a target. Such bombing, however, has a great psychological effect. In addition to giving support to ground forces in this way, the R.A.F. drops supplies to patrols, evacuates casualties from the jungle, and provides transport for airborne operations. On the ground, the R.A.F. Regiment (Malaya) guards aerodromes and also

[Continued below.]



USED TO ASSIST JUNGLE PATROLS IN TRACKING COMMUNISTS : IBAN TRIBESMEN FROM BORNEO SEEN ON ARRIVAL AT KUALA LUMPUR AIRFIELD FROM KUCHING.



TALKING TO AN IBAN TRACKER ATTACHED TO NO. 92 R.A.F. REGIMENT (MALAYA) SQUADRON AT SUNGEI BESI : MR. A. N. ROSS, THE BRITISH ADVISER TO H.H. THE SULTAN OF SELANGOR.



GROUND OPERATIONS BY THE R.A.F. REGIMENT IN MALAYA : A MORTAR DETACHMENT ENGAGING A COMMUNIST POSITION WITH A 4-IN. MORTAR AND SEEN AT THE MOMENT OF FIRING.

Continued.] assists the security forces. In some four months of operations 92 Squadron of the Regiment made 336 contacts with the Communists; found fourteen camps; sixteen food-dumps; and killed, wounded or captured five terrorists. The jungle patrols are assisted by Ibán trackers from Borneo, picturesque figures with tattooed throats and long hair, who have become most popular with all ranks of



PREPARING MORTAR BOMBS FOR A SHOOT AGAINST A COMMUNIST POSITION : MEN OF THE R.A.F. (MALAYA) REGIMENT WITH THEIR SQUADRON COMMANDER, SQUADRON LEADER J. HYSLOP.

the R.A.F. Regiment (Malaya). These trackers have done excellent work, and it will be recalled that in January the first George Cross awarded during the present emergency in Malaya was presented to a Dyak tracker, Awang Anak Rawang, at Kuching by the Governor of Sarawak. The tracker, though twice severely wounded, continued to fight and protected a wounded soldier.



STANDING A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE NEST: ONE OF THE AVOCETS THAT HAVE NOW RETURNED TO BREEDING-GROUNDS ON HAVERGATE ISLAND, NEAR ORFORD.



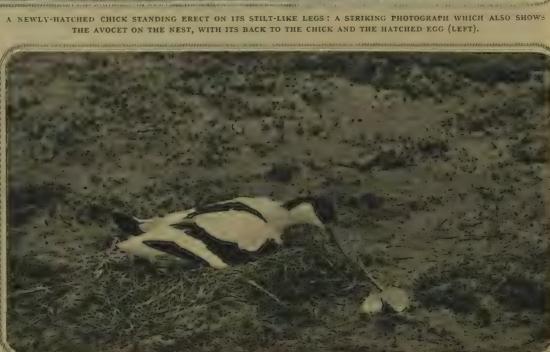
A BEAUTIFUL WADING-BIRD WITH A BILL UNLIKE THAT OF ANY OTHER BRITISH BIRD: A TYPICAL INCUBATING AVOCET PHOTOGRAPHED IN EAST ANGLIA LAST SUMMER.



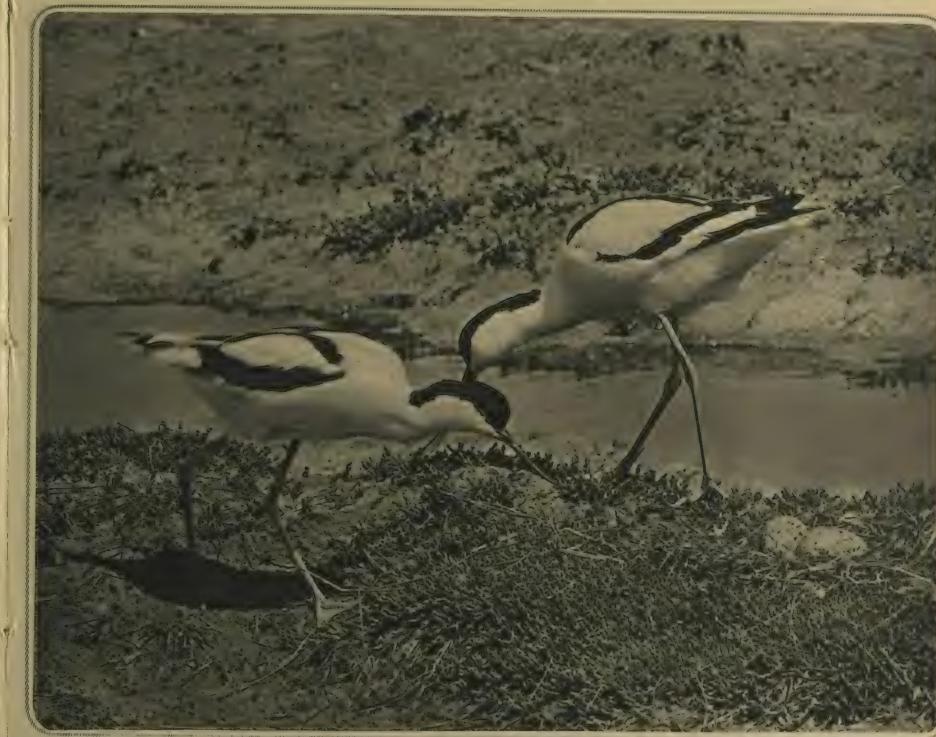
A NEWLY-HATCHED CHICK STANDING ERECT ON ITS STILT-LIKE LEGS: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH WHICH ALSO SHOWS THE AVOCET ON THE NEST, WITH ITS BACK TO THE CHICK AND THE HATCHED EGG (LEFT).



ON HAVERGATE ISLAND, SUFFOLK: A SITTING AVOCET. ORFORD CASTLE CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, BEYOND THE SEA-WALL.



THROWING THE SHELL AWAY: A HEN AVOCET REMOVING THE BROKEN SHELL FROM THE NEST AFTER THE FOURTH CHICK HAD JUST HATCHED. BREEDING GENERALLY STARTS ABOUT THE THIRD WEEK IN APRIL.



CHANGING GUARD AT THE NEST: THE COCK AND HEN AVOCET TAKE TURNS AT INCUBATING THE EGGS. THE BREEDING-GROUND ON HAVERGATE ISLAND IS UNDER THE CARE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.



AN AVOCET'S NEST AND EGGS. THE EGGS, WHICH RESEMBLE THOSE OF AN OYSTER-CATCHER, ARE OLIVE-BROWN IN COLOUR, BLOTTCHED AND SPOTTED WITH DUSKY. THE INCUBATION PERIOD IS APPROXIMATELY TWENTY-TWO DAYS.

WELCOME RETURN AS A BREEDING SPECIES: SCENES ON HAVERGATE ISLAND, SUFFOLK.

The avocet, after more than a century's absence as a British breeding species, now seems to be well re-established in East Anglia, where since 1947 it has once again been successfully rearing its young. The avocet's return from southern winter quarters, last year, was eagerly anticipated by ornithologists. The birds have come back once more this spring and more will arrive before the beginning of May. At Easter time they showed all the symptoms of breeding and new nests were seen,

although no eggs had then been laid. As it was imperative that the birds should not be disturbed when they first made their welcome return to these shores, the location of the colony was kept secret for a number of years and photography was not attempted for some time. The main stronghold of the avocet on Havergate Island, near Orford, Suffolk, is under the care and protection of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, to whom much credit for the re-establishment of this

wader is due. The Society has also done much work in maintaining suitable conditions of salinity and depth of water. The photographs on these pages, taken in June last year, by permission of the R.S.P.B., are some of the first to be taken in England of these beautiful birds. A hide tent was erected 200 yards from a colony of five pairs, gains and losses in stages over a period of several days until it was 12 ft. from the nearest nest. The birds were undisturbed by the intrusion; indeed, a sixth pair joined the colony, lined a nest-scarp and produced eggs, during the later stages of moving up the hide. From a total of twenty-two eggs in the six nests, twenty chicks were hatched, two eggs being infertile. Previous photographs of the avocet, which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* in 1948 and 1950, were taken in Holland. Bird-lovers who wish to visit the breeding-ground in East Anglia must first obtain a permit from the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.



PHOTOGRAPHING A NEST: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE WHO SPENT A DAY IN THE HIDE LAST SUMMER, WHEN HE MADE AN EXCELLENT COLOUR FILM.

**THE TRAGEDY
OF A FRENCH
ALPINE VILLAGE.**

TIGNES, VICTIM OF
FRANCE'S NEED FOR
ELECTRIC POWER,
SINKS BENEATH
THE WATERS OF THE
NEWLY-MADE LAKE.

IN our issue of March 22 we told the story of the enforced evacuation of the little village of Tignes, in Savoy, in the French Alps. This village lies behind the huge dam which has been built in the Valley of the Isère to create a head of water for France's great hydro-electric expansion scheme; and when this new lake reaches its eventual size, the village of Tignes will be about 540 ft. below its surface. Since the scheme was first mooted in 1941, the villagers have steadily opposed this annihilation of their homes, but France's need has had to come first and the scheme went forward. Compensation and new homes and homesteads higher up the valley were offered to the villagers on a scale which is costing the French Government about £1,000,000; but even so, many of the villagers refused to move. On March 4 M. Auriol, in a letter to the villagers, wrote: "I offer the community my full sympathy. The dam is a national necessity." Following this, the village ceased to exist as an administrative unit. To the very last, however, some of the villagers refused to move, and as late as April 13 a Mass was said in the dismantled church, although what had been described as the last Mass had been celebrated there some weeks before. But by this time the village was almost surrounded by water, which was then rising at the rate of more than 2 ft. each day. One of the most stubborn of the villagers refused to move from his house until the waters reached the first floor; but demolitions have started, and it is only a question of a few days before the 300-year-old village disappears for ever from the sight of man.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE LAST OF TIGNES:
AS THE WATERS OF THE ISÈRE RISE AT
THE RATE OF TWO FEET A DAY BEHIND
THE HUGE DAM, THE DOOMED VILLAGE
SINKS FROM SIGHT AND OUT OF THE
WORLD.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WITH one or two outstanding exceptions, the Fritillarias might almost be described as a dowdy family. Almost, but perhaps not quite. Anyway, in deference to

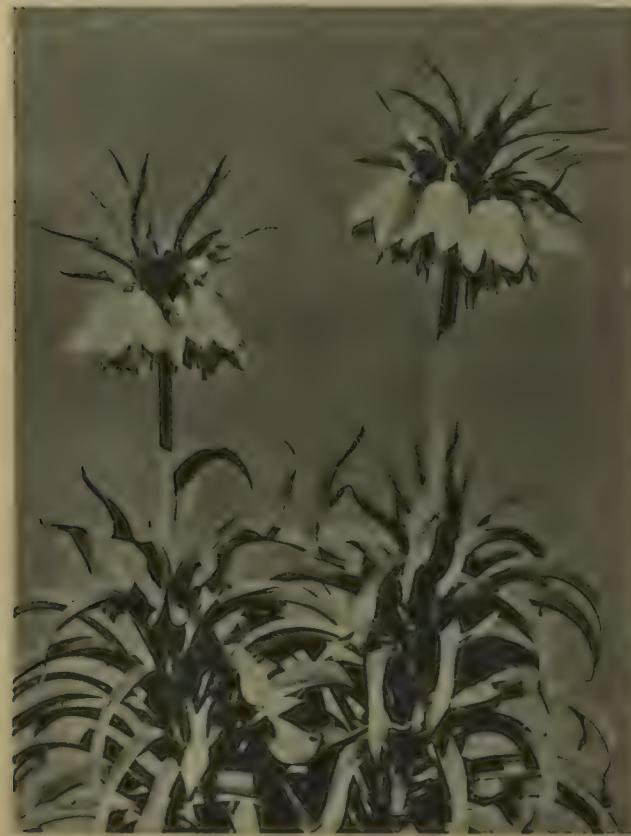
the Fritillaria fans, of whom there must be many, let us say that they are a sad lot, in their olive greens, greenish yellows and yellowish greens, dim purples and prune purples that sometimes are almost black.

With such a colour range, it is all the more remarkable that these strange flowers can charm and fascinate so many gardeners. Their power to please lies without doubt in their grace and poise, and in the perfect form of their pendent bell flowers. Only very rarely does one find a species of Fritillaria that has gone astray and lost the family gift for perfection of proportion and form. But I have seen one or two which have very big flowers on too short stems which gave them an air of grotesque dwarfishness. Apart from such lapses, the Fritillarias, despite their dim, sad colours, charm and fascinate, rather as some quite plain women fascinate by manner, personality, carriage and, perhaps, dress.

To my regret, I have grown very few of the Fritillarias. But for this I have only myself to blame—and the fact that there have always been such immense quantities of delightful plants asking to be grown, but for which I had neither time nor accommodation. In my garden at Stevenage I naturalised the wild British fritillary, or Snake's-head, *Fritillaria meleagris*, in some rough orchard grass. Grass is without doubt the ideal setting for this species. The bells of the Snake's-head are most curious with their chequered marking in paler and darker dull purple, and with their pendent, square-shouldered bells. So square-shouldered are they that they almost have the appearance of being fitted with shoulder-pads. There is a white-flowered variety of the Snake's-head, and it is nice to have a few of these cropping up casually among the normal purples.



CROWN IMPERIALS, "SO HANDSOME AND EFFECTIVE . . . IN BOLD, WELL-ESTABLISHED CLUMPS": A PHOTOGRAPH THAT MR. ELLIOTT TOOK HIMSELF MANY YEARS AGO IN HIS BROTHER'S GARDEN.



"IT COMES RUSHING UP IN APRIL, WITH ALMOST THE RUSH AND SPEED OF A ROCKET, AND THEN GOES OFF LIKE A ROCKET WITH ITS CLUSTER OF GOLDEN OR ORANGE BELLS HANGING PENDENT IN MID-AIR": CROWN IMPERIALS, SHOWING THEIR SCULPTURED FOLIAGE AND BAROQUE INFLORESCENCES.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

In this white Snake's-head the chequer markings show dimly, rather like the watermarks in paper. In the Maritime Alps I once made an expedition to some high Alpine pastures to see *Fritillaria delphinensis*. It grew there by the acre and by the thousand, a handsome thing, like a larger-bellied *F. meleagris*, of a fuller, richer colour. I collected bulbs, which grew

CROWN IMPERIALS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

contentedly at Stevenage for a number of years, but eventually became war casualties. The only other Fritillaria that I have found and collected and grown is *F. pyrenaica*. My son and I, staying at Gabas, in

A clump of Crown Imperials in full flower is a grand sight, with its 3- to 4-ft. leafy stems and its cluster of great pendent, square-shouldered bells, sur-

mounted by their gallant plume of green leaves. Fortunately, flowering as they do early in the season, they have a good chance, if grown in the herbaceous border of showing themselves off without competition from neighbours, most of whom are still only beginning to think of pushing up growth.

It is interesting to examine the interiors of the great Imperial bells. Lift one up and look inside. At the base of the inside are six waxy-white circular discs, each carrying a large trembling tear of crystal-clear liquid. At the same time you will get the full benefit of the Crown Imperial's one affliction. The whole plant, from bulb to blossom, has a rank, bitter, abominable stink of fox, especially when handled. There is a non-stinking form of Crown Imperial, but I understand that it is not a very satisfactory grower. The fact that, in spite of this boon of being odourless, it has never made good in gardens, seems to confirm the report of its unwilling constitution. There are other forms of Crown Imperial to choose from. The double-flowered variety sounds like one of those monstrosities which should have been destroyed at birth. There is a variety whose leaves are margined with gold, and also a silver-margined form, and though I have not seen them, I am assured that they are attractive. There is, too, a variety with plum-coloured flowers, but never have I met this wonder-plant in any garden.

One cannot do better than grow the two well-known forms, the gold and the orange-flowered. The rather large, scaly bulbs may be planted, or transplanted, directly their growth has died down after flowering. It is important to plant the bulbs without delay, whether they have been lifted from the garden for replanting or bought. If left un-planted, they dry and shrivel and deteriorate very rapidly, as do most Fritillaria bulbs. It is best to plant in clumps, with space between the

the Pyrenees, went up just over the Spanish frontier, and spent a wonderful day, ranging over hundreds of acres of flowered Alpine meadow, collecting extra good forms of *F. pyrenaica*, and of that loveliest of white mountain buttercups, *Ranunculus amplexicaulis*. *Fritillaria pyrenaica* grows about 12 or 18 ins. high, with bells of dusky chocolate and dull green.

A pan of seedlings of *Fritillaria pallidiflora* somewhere about my garden and waiting to be planted out, almost completes the list of Fritillarias with which I have had personal dealings. It is a fine plant, about 2 ft. tall, with pendent bells of yellowish green—or maybe greenish yellow. I have seen it making handsome clumps in the rock-garden at Abbot's Wood, in the Cotswolds.

There is one species of Fritillaria which breaks clean away from the family tradition of almost dowdy dress and modest bearing. This, of course, is the Crown Imperial, *Fritillaria imperialis*. What a splendidly appropriate name for this truly regal-looking plant. It comes rushing up in April, with almost the rush and speed of a rocket, and then goes off like a rocket with its cluster of golden or orange bells hanging pendent in mid-air. And, like a rocket, the Crown Imperial's display of splendour is short-lived. It rushes up into flower, remains in flower just long enough to be worth while, and then—finish! Almost before you are aware of it, the plant has vanished, leaving only its bulbs below ground, ready for next year's display.



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"IT IS INTERESTING TO EXAMINE THE INTERIORS OF THE GREAT IMPERIAL BELLS. AT THE BASE OF THE INSIDE ARE SIX WAXY-WHITE CIRCULAR DISCS, EACH CARRYING A LARGE TREMBLING TEAR OF CRYSTAL-CLEAR LIQUID."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

bulbs to allow for natural increase, and once planted they should be left well alone, for it is bold, well-established clumps, such as that in the top photograph, that are so handsome and effective. Scattered about in the borders, in ones and twos, they are relatively ineffective. In clump formation, too, the plants give one another mutual and natural support.

ROYAL INTEREST IN ROAD RESEARCH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S TOUR.



SEEING A ROAD AS A DRIVER WOULD WHEN APPROACHING A ZEBRA CROSSING UNDER VARYING CONDITIONS: THE DUKE PEERING THROUGH A VIEWER.



EXAMINING A MOTOR-CYCLE COMBINATION FITTED WITH DEVICES FOR RECORDING ASPECTS OF ROAD SURFACES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING HIS TOUR OF THE ROAD RESEARCH LABORATORY.



WATCHING A GIRL HAVING THE MOVEMENTS OF HER EYES RECORDED ON A CATHODE-RAY OSCILLOGRAPH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LANGLEY.



LOOKING AT A DEVICE FOR CHECKING THE SURFACE OF NEWLY-LAIDED CONCRETE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING THE WET SURFACE PROFILOMETER AT HARMONDWSORTH.

The Duke of Edinburgh visited the Road Research Laboratory at Harmondsworth, Middlesex, on April 16, where he watched a number of experiments and demonstrations. In the afternoon he spent more than two hours at the Langley section of the laboratory, where he tested the headlights and foglights of his own car. During the visit, the braking power of the four wheels of the Duke's Austin saloon was registered, and the experts reported that they were "in very good condition." His Royal Highness watched devices for recording holiday traffic and improving

road safety, and he was told how a special squad had recorded people's response to flashing lights on Belisha beacons. The Duke watched tests on models to make zebra crossings more visible, particularly at night. He operated the headlights of a car approaching a crossing to see the effects of the experiment. The Duke was informed that the possibility of using radar or sound ranging devices in fog had been investigated, but that no immediately useful device for small vehicles appeared to be a practical proposition.



THE KING OF SAUDI ARABIA ABOUT TO LEAVE BY AIR WHEN TRAVELLING BETWEEN RIYADH, HIS CAPITAL, AND TAIF: HIS MAJESTY'S CAR, WITH GUARDS ON THE RUNNING-BOARD, PASSING BETWEEN THE LINES OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR, TOWARDS THE WAITING AIRCRAFT.



THE SAUDI ARABIAN ROYAL FLEET OF CARS: A VIEW OF SOME OF THE VEHICLES IN WHICH HIS MAJESTY'S ENTOURAGE, A COMPANY OF SOME 1500 PERSONS, IS CONVEYED TO THE APPROPRIATE AIRPORT WHEN THE COURT MOVES. THE CARS FOLLOW TO THE DESTINATION BY ROAD.

MODERN TRANSPORT AND A MIDDLE EAST SOVEREIGN: THE KING OF SAUDI ARABIA AND HIS COURT MOVE BY AIR.

King Abdul-Aziz Ibn Abdul-Rahman Al Sa'ud, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., ruler of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, a vast territory which includes the Hejaz and the Nejd, has placed his country in a dominant position among the States of Arabia. He is a wealthy and progressive ruler, and has purchased and reorganised a civil air line, while he makes personal use of air transport for himself and his entourage when his Court moves, on such occasions as the Pilgrimage to Mecca, or for a period of residence at Taif, a summer resort situated some 5200 ft. above sea-level, about 50 miles from

Mecca. These large-scale removals, in which some 1500 persons and their luggage are transported for about 1000 miles, are carried out with speed and efficiency. The Royal fleet of modern cars conveys the King and his entourage to the appropriate airport, and then follows to the ultimate destination by road across the desert. Saudi Arabia has international airports at Jeddah, the seaport of Mecca, and at Dhahran, and airports at the capital, Riyadh, and other places. The Royal aircraft bears a Koranic text in Arab characters, and the emblem of crossed swords.



ANTI-SUBMARINE ATTACK—MODERN STYLE: A PATTERN OF HIGH-EXPLOSIVE MORTAR BOMBS BURSTING UNDERWATER AND WELL AHEAD OF THE VESSEL—THE FRIGATE H.M.S. LOCH CRAGGIE—FROM WHOSE "SQUID" THEY HAVE BEEN FIRED



ANTI-SUBMARINE ATTACK—THE OLD-ESTABLISHED WAY: DEPTH-CHARGES EXPLODING ASTERN OF THE FRIGATE FROM WHOSE D.C.T.s THEY HAVE BEEN THROWN.

ANTI-SUBMARINE ATTACK—THE NEW WAY AND THE OLD: THE FORWARD "SQUID" AND THE BACKWARD DEPTH-CHARGE.

This graphic illustration of the evolution of anti-submarine attack was made in the Mediterranean by the frigate H.M.S. *Loch Craggie*. This class of frigate—the "Loch" class—carries both the old-established and well-known D.C.T.s (Depth-Charge Throwers) whereby explosive charges are dropped in the water astern of the vessel; and "Squids," multiple-barrel mortars which throw high-explosive bombs in a pattern well ahead of the vessel.

Later types of anti-submarine vessel mount only the "Squid." Illustrations of this weapon, being loaded and in action, have appeared in our issues of April 5 and 12. Its great advantage is that the target submarine can be held in the radar screen up to the very moment of explosion, whereas, with the depth-charge, the target inevitably passes into radar "dead ground" underneath the attacking vessel.

LANDSCAPE ART OF THE LOW COUNTRIES: MASTERPIECES ON VIEW IN LONDON.



"A WOODLAND POOL"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1628-1629-HAARLEM-AMSTERDAM-1682). A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THIS ARTIST. SIGNED WITH THE MONOGRAM "J.V.R." (Canvas 24 by 29½ ins.)



"THE RIGHT OF WAY"; BY SALOMON VAN RUYSDAEL (1600-HAARLEM-1670). TWO OPEN CARRIAGES ARE APPROACHING THE GATE, WHILE A GIRL HOLDS OUT HER APRON FOR GIFTS. SIGNED "S. V. RUYSDAEL 1658." (Panel, 22½ by 27½ ins.)



"VIEW OF DORDRECHT"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-THE HAGUE-1656). FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTIONS OF SIR JULIUS WERNHER AND OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HAROLD WERNHER, BART. SIGNED "J.V.G. 1644." (Panel, 15½ by 23½ ins.)



"THE MILKMAID"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1620-DORDRECHT-1691). EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION, 1893. MENTIONED BY HOFSTEDE DE GROOT AND OTHER AUTHORITIES. SIGNED "A. CUYP." (Panel, 18½ by 29 ins.)



"OUTSIDE A FORTRESS"; BY JAN VAN DER HEYDEN (1637-GORINCHEM-AMSTERDAM-1712). THE FIGURES BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE. EXHIBITED IN LONDON IN 1841, AT THE HAGUE IN 1920 AND IN COPENHAGEN IN 1922. SIGNED WITH MONOGRAM. (Copper, 4½ by 6½ ins.)



"A COUNTRY HOUSE" ("CHÂTEAU GOUDSTEIN, ON THE VECHT"); BY JAN VAN DER HEYDEN (1637-GORINCHEM-AMSTERDAM-1712). THE FIGURES BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE. ONCE OWNED BY LORD PALMERSTON. SIGNED "J. V. HEIDE." (Panel, 19 by 24 ins.)

Art-loving Londoners are familiar with the important exhibitions of Dutch and Flemish painting which Mr. Eugene Slatter holds regularly at his gallery in Old Bond Street. His 1952 display, which the Hon. Harold Nicolson arranged to open on Tuesday last, April 22, includes paintings of the highest quality, representing many great names in the history of the art of the Low Countries. The fine catalogue, illustrated with reproductions in colour as well as in black-and-white, is being sold for the benefit of the Carlyle Trust of the London Library. This trust, founded this year, has the dual object of enabling students of small means, whatever their age, to have access to the library without payment of the full subscription, and of increasing the educational value of the library by the purchase of important works of scholarship. Mr. Harold Nicolson is the chairman of the London Library Committee. The library was founded in 1841, and

incorporated by Royal Charter in 1933. On this and the facing page we illustrate a selection of the paintings on view in this Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters, including the two works by Jan van der Heyden which it contains. The larger, "A Country House," was exhibited in Paris in 1951 in the Exhibition of Dutch Landscape Art at the Orangerie. In "The Right of Way," Salomon van Ruysdael has introduced a homely incident of Dutch life into his noble landscape. Children are playing in the road, but one has opened the gate to the "carriage party," and another is holding out her apron for gifts.



"WINTER SCENE"; BY AERT VAN DER NEER (1603-AMSTERDAM-LEYDEN-1677). AN ARTIST CELEBRATED FOR HIS MOONLIGHT AND WINTER SCENES. WITH HARDY DUTCHMEN ENJOYING ICE SPORTS IN A HARD-FROZEN LAND. SIGNED WITH THE MONOGRAM "A.V.N." Panel, 6½ by 7½ ins.

WINTER AND SUMMER SCENES: INTERIORS AND FLOWERS BY NETHERLANDS PAINTERS.

(RIGHT)

"THE SPORTSMAN'S REST"; BY PHILIPS WOUVERMAN ((1619-HAARLEM-1668)). EXHIBITED IN LONDON AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION IN 1821. SIGNED "PH. W." (Panel, 16½ by 14 ins.)



ON this and the facing page we reproduce some of the paintings on view in the 1952 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters at the Gallery of Mr. Eugene Slatter, Old Bond Street. Those illustrated on this page range over some of the favourite subjects of the great artists of the Netherlands in the golden age of the seventeenth century—landscapes of their country in winter

[Continued below.]



"FLOWER PIECE"; BY BARTHOLOMAUS ASSTEYN (WORKED c. 1628-1650). THE HANDSOME BLUE AND YELLOW IRIS ADDS UNUSUAL COLOUR. SIGNED "B. ASSTEYN 1644." (Panel, 21½ by 16½ ins.)



"YOUNG WOMAN WITH HER DAUGHTERS"; BY CASPAR NETSCHER ((1639-HEIDELBERG-THE HAGUE-1684)). FORMERLY IN THE HERMITAGE. SIGNED "C. NETSCHER." (Canvas, 21½ by 19 ins.)



"FLOWERS IN A BOWL"; BY NICHOLAES VAN VERENDAEL (1640-ANTWERP-1691). A BUNCH OF EARLY SUMMER FLOWERS. SIGNED "N. V. VERENDAEL." (Canvas, 13½ by 10½ ins.)



"THE MULE TRAIN"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER ("VELVET" BRUEGHEL) (1568-BRUSSELS-ANTWERP-1625). SIGNED "J. BRUEGHEL." (Copper, 14½ by 17½ ins.)

Continued.

and summer; exquisite flower pieces and genre paintings depicting the everyday life of the rich burghers and of the lusty peasants of the period. The Caspar Netscher interior "Young Woman with Her Daughters" was purchased for the Empress Catherine II. of Russia by Prince Dmitri Galitzine, of the Russian Embassy in Paris, and subsequently Russian Ambassador at The Hague, at the



"AT SUNRISE"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER ("VELVET" BRUEGHEL) (1568-BRUSSELS-ANTWERP-1625). SIGNED "J. BRUEGHEL 1611." (Copper, 7½ by 11½ ins.)

Julienne sale in Paris in March, 1767. Galitzine, a friend of the Encyclopædist, was aided in his choice of paintings and antiques for the Imperial collection by the advice of Voltaire and of Diderot. The current Exhibition was due to be opened on April 22 by Mr. Harold Nicolson. The illustrated catalogues are being sold in aid of the Carlyle Trust of the London Library.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

PERENNIAL STORY OF THRUSH AND BLACKBIRD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE season is approaching when the story of the thrush-blackbird cross is likely to come up again. It does so every year, and doubtless will continue for all that one may be able to do about it. The pattern is always the same: of a male blackbird and a female thrush having mated, and at the time of the discovery the thrush is sitting on the eggs while the blackbird is seen bringing her food. Speculation runs on what the young birds will be like. One ingenious suggestion was made that the young ones should be called "blushes." There is a simple explanation for the continuance of the story. It rests on two things: the inappropriate character of a vernacular name, and a misconception of the characters of the species arising directly from this. The name blackbird is appropriate enough for the cock, with its black plumage and orange bill, but even he may on occasion be less black than the name suggests, and individuals that are a deep brown only can very rarely be seen. The immature birds and the females are dark brown, or even a lightish brown, and speckled on the throat. The speckling may extend to the upper breast, and more rarely, may even be seen on the top of the head, especially in the immature bird.

Another thing, so often overlooked, and certainly not sufficiently borne in mind even by some naturalists, is that individuals of a species are very prone to vary. We are familiar enough with this in human families, yet tend to ignore [its] existence elsewhere in the living world. Individuals vary not only in size and in colour, but also in bodily proportions. In some species the variation is markedly less than in others, but it is present in all. This variation affects not only the outward physical characters of all animals, but the inward characters—that is, the anatomy, and also the disposition, or what may be called broadly the personality. It is so obvious that it should be so, yet I have often been surprised to find that otherwise well-informed people, when their attention is drawn to it, receive the information as a matter of some interest, if not surprise.

Thrushes and blackbirds are very closely related; and with the members of each species prone to vary, it follows that a hen blackbird with a somewhat lighter plumage and speckled throat and breast will come to resemble quite closely a thrush with a somewhat darker plumage, especially where the darkening affects also the throat and breast. It is clear from this that a hen blackbird on the nest, seen just above eye-level, so that only the head and the speckled throat are visible, and especially in the dappled light in the tree or shrub where the nest is lodged, will look very like a thrush. The delusion can continue even when she leaves the nest if she happens to have a light plumage and a more than usually speckled throat and breast. Given the glossy black consort in attendance on her,

the background to the story of an unusual mating is complete.

Another sidelight on this story reflects the intense, and in one sense incomprehensible, interest in hybrids. Any report of an unusual hybridisation, however impossible, is likely to capture the interest of a wide

watch is kept for the occurrence of wild hybrids. A few cases are known where the territory occupied by members of one species overlaps that of another very closely-related species. In one case, a species of tropical fish occupied the lower waters of a river and a very closely-related species occupied the upper reaches. Where the two overlapped, hybrids were found. Sometimes two species of duck will use the same stretch of water during the breeding season. Such instances have been fully investigated, and less than 3 per cent. of hybrids have been found, even under these unusually favourable conditions. Under less favourable conditions hybridisation does not occur at all, or at best will be found in small fractions of 1 per cent. of the total populations of the species.

There is a simple explanation for this discrepancy between the proportion of hybrids in the wild and in non-wild (tame or captive) animals. It is not merely enough that two animals of opposite sex, even when of the same species, should be together for mating to occur. Normally, it is preceded by elaborate preliminaries often extending over weeks, certainly over days, the whole constituting what has been called courtship. These preliminaries follow a fairly rigid pattern, and the pattern is stereotyped for the species. Members of different species do not, in their courtship, speak the same language, so to say. Under certain conditions, however, even a language bar can break down, as when two people speaking alien tongues will make themselves understood, under the drive of circumstances, by gestures and facial expressions, the use of words being dispensed with. Equally, animals in captivity will, under the mounting creative drive, dispense with the usual "language" of courtship. The same thing can, and does, happen under natural conditions but much less frequently for the reason that there is more freedom of choice of a partner; and it is always easier to get along with an individual speaking the same language.

Since thrushes and blackbirds belong to very closely related species, whose range and individual territories are overlapping in every sense, it is to be expected that some slight amount of hybridisation might occur. It is not unreasonable to expect that it should sometimes take place, and those who report having seen such cases may be justifiably sceptical of the explanation given here. The only thing I can say in reply is that each of the several alleged occurrences that I have myself investigated have proved to be merely a pair of blackbirds, of which the hen has been mistaken for a thrush. In conversation with experienced ornithologists I have found the same comment. Well-authenticated examples would be welcomed, but it seems to me that the more remarkable thing is that the behaviour of the birds should be such as to exclude hybridisation.



APT TO LEAD TO STORIES OF HYBRIDISATION BETWEEN THE BLACKBIRD AND THE SONG-THRUSH: VARIATION IN THE PLUMAGE OF OUR COMMON HEN BLACKBIRD.

The hen blackbird is markedly different in plumage from the cock, being a darkish brown, with a slightly speckled throat and breast. This is more nearly like that of the closely-related song-thrush, and is apt to lead to stories of hybridisation between the two species, especially where the hen blackbird is slightly lighter in colour with a more pronounced speckling.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE: VARIATION IN THE PLUMAGE OF THE BREAST IN THE SONG-THRUSH SHOWN IN SELECTED SPECIMENS.

It is often overlooked that individuals of all species vary, and where two species have characters in common this can lead to error where the variations cause an overlapping and a confusion in identity. [Photographs by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).]

audience. It goes deeper than a mere love of the bizarre and seems more related to a deep-seated urge towards the creation of something new. One has only to recall the history of hybridisation in domesticated animals and plants to appreciate this. And it is in all probability the almost commonplace success in producing hybrids between cage-birds, zoo animals and garden plants that causes one to expect the same thing to happen with equal ease in the wild. The interest shown by zoologists in this matter is not less than that of the public at large, and a constant



THE SEA-BED AS A FILM STUDIO : UNDERWATER CINEMATOGRAPHY WITH A NEW ADMIRALTY CAMERA.

Shortly after the end of the war, Mr. W. D. Chesterman and Mr. J. B. Collins, of the Admiralty Research Laboratory, produced, after considerable experiment, a ciné-camera operated by an electric motor and fitted in a watertight case for taking moving pictures below the surface of the sea. Later Lieutenant H. J. Hodges, R.N.V.R., using a self-contained compressed air-breathing apparatus, took the underwater pictures for that beautiful film "The Wonders of the Deep." The same camera-operator also took the underwater sequences for that moving film "Morning Departure." In the United States, underwater cinematography has made great strides recently, and is now used by the U.S. Navy. The difficulties of obtaining good results in the poor lighting conditions off our own shores has yet to be fully overcome, but research and experiments continue, as it is recognised that the submarine ciné-camera in the hands of "frogmen" or divers would not only have great value in time of war but has an important part to play in salvage work, underwater research and kindred operations in peacetime.

Our Artist shows on this page the latest type of British camera, which has a lens whose aperture ranges from F.2.5 to F.11 and uses 35-mm. film. Out of water the camera, complete with case, weighs 40 lb., but in use it has a slight positive buoyancy, so that should the operator have to release his hold it would float to the surface. The camera and the batteries which drive its mechanism are enclosed in a metal tubular watertight case 12 ins. in diameter, with handles on either side. On the left-hand side (looking to the front) is the motor start and stop lever and on the right the quick iris control lever. The various controls have watertight and pressure-resistant joints. The "frogman" in the drawing is using a "peacetime" compressed-air breathing apparatus which gives off air bubbles, but in time of war he would use a set similar to that of the Davis Escape Apparatus, which does not give off bubbles that may be detected on the surface and has a CO₂ absorbent canister. Recently fishing trawls were filmed under water in the Mediterranean to discover how efficient they were.



IT is a well-established practice in my house to contribute an annual ten shillings to the book-making fraternity by choosing a horse which fails to reach the finishing post at Aintree in front of the



FIG. 1. ONE OF AN ENGAGING PAIR CARVED IN PINWOOD: AN ENGLISH FIGURE, C. 1740, 21 INS. IN HEIGHT.

This carved figure in pinewood is English, c. 1740. It is one of a pair, a portion of some more grandiose design, included in the new acquisitions at Temple Newsam House, Leeds, discussed on this page.

many other animals which have started with him. This is accomplished by looking at whatever photographs are available on the morning of the Grand National and picking out a nice, kind face. He then starts with our blessing, and the rest is left to him. Our mind is at ease and we are free to indulge in other pursuits. This year there was an invitation from Temple Newsam House, Leeds, to an exhibition of the acquisitions of the past twelve months to be opened by Lord Halifax. These occasions are agreeable, cheerful and, of course, decorous, so that it was unquestionably improper that, while waiting for the proceedings to begin after a drive of sixty miles or so through half a gale, my thoughts should stray from the business in hand. I looked at my watch; the race was over. I whispered: "How can we find out the result?" My companion whispered back: "You can't—you must be patient. Look—here's the Lord Mayor." But the Lord Mayor, though he made an admirable little speech, said nothing about Aintree. "I bet you," I whispered again, "the attendant knows." "He can't," was the answer; "he's been just behind us all the time." I said: "Haven't you heard of the bush telegraph?" and I beckoned discreetly to the attendant. That excellent man leant forward and murmured the names of the first three in my ear and added that he himself had greatly fancied Lady Grimthorpe's horse, but regretted that this information had been faulty. I hold this to be service in the best tradition of public galleries, which are sometimes said to be out of touch with affairs of the moment, but Yorkshire is a friendly county, and if you ever visit this noble house—and it is not to be missed, both for its own beauty and that of its surroundings as well as for its contents—everyone, from the Director downwards, regards you as a welcome visitor whose questions, even if apparently eccentric, deserve an accurate answer.

I have written about one or two shows at Temple Newsam on previous occasions—shows which were of far more than local interest. The current one differs only in this—that

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. NEW ACQUISITIONS AT TEMPLE NEWSAM.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the theme is not so grand, and the range is more diffuse. An exhibition last summer was devoted to that enterprising Yorkshireman, Thomas Chippendale. Consequently everything was of exceptional rarity. In this present array there are dozens of items which, though fine of their kind, are of a sort which you or I might hope to acquire, given a very modest amount of good fortune. Among them are one or two pieces which are outside the ordinary run of most people's interests, and among them I would place the engaging carved figure of Fig. 1, 21 ins. in height—one of a pair—English, of about 1740, presumably (though this is only a guess on my part) a portion of some more grandiose design. This, and more than a hundred other things, the majority English water-colours, but some silver and textiles, prints and pottery, are a bequest by the late Miss Agnes Lupton, whose brother, Mr. Norman Lupton, has announced his intention of leaving the remainder of the collection also to the gallery.

I suppose that among the dozen or so pieces of pottery and porcelain most people will be specially intrigued by a

pair of candelabra, one of which is shown in the two photographs of Fig. 2—the same piece photographed front and back. The parrot is a fine K'ang H'si bird covered in turquoise-blue glaze, rare enough as things go, but rendered truly remarkable by the ingenious, not to say inspired, way in which the eighteenth-century Frenchman who was responsible for

the triple ormolu candlesticks has entwined his foliage branches round it. This kind of gay European adaptation of what is already a good piece of the potter's craft is not always to the taste of the earnest student of Chinese ceramics, but he might perhaps come down from the clouds when he sees this and admit that on occasion a designer of unusual ability can engineer a marriage of two contrasting materials with success.

FIG. 2. A SUCCESSFUL "MARRIAGE OF TWO CONTRASTING MATERIALS": A K'ANG H'SI (1662-1723) PARROT, TURQUOISE GLAZE, ONE OF A PAIR MOUNTED IN FRENCH ORMOLU AS CANDLESTICKS, BACK AND FRONT VIEW.

"This kind of gay European adaptation of what is already a good piece of the potter's craft is not always to the taste of the earnest student of Chinese ceramics, but he might perhaps come down from the clouds when he sees this and admit that on occasion a designer of unusual ability can engineer a marriage of two contrasting materials with success," writes Frank Davis of this candelabrum, one of a pair.

conquest. They are indeed a beautiful series, one of which is illustrated in Fig. 3. Surprisingly and delightfully there were a few scraps from the pen of Joseph Crawhall, just to remind one that not all the drawings by that wonderfully gifted man are in the Sir William Burrell collection. Crawhall's firm, nervous, sensitive line was unmistakable from far across the room.

Among the great men are Gainsborough, represented by one of his typical chalk drawings; Girtin, Cozens, Cotman, Turner and Constable; among the minor people, nearly unknowns like William Locke, that neat draughtsman Francis Place (1647-1728), who showed the way to more than one generation of careful observers of the English scene, and the gifted and, until comparatively recently, the disregarded William Pars, who spent most of his brief life—he died in 1782 at the age of forty—painting obscurely in Rome. The well-known Reynolds—a full-length of Lady Hertford, one of the daughters of the house—now hangs in the great gallery above the needlework covers of the chairs and settees which family tradition says were embroidered by her and her sisters. This was presented to Temple Newsam recently by the National Arts Collection Fund in honour of the late Sir Robert Witt's eightieth birthday, and was illustrated in these pages on that occasion.

When I was there the daffodils, a golden mass on a green bank, were in full bloom—they will be over by now, but the tulips should be out, and the wide sweep of the park will be looking its best.



FIG. 3. ONE OF A FINE SERIES OF WATER-COLOURS BY P. WILSON STEER, O.M. (1860-1942): A MARINE VIEW.

The majority of the English water-colours and other works of art recently acquired by Temple Newsam House, which are discussed on this page, are a bequest by the late Miss Agnes Lupton.

Illustrations by courtesy of Temple Newsam House, Leeds.

**PERSONALITIES
AND EVENTS
OF THE WEEK.**



SIR ESSLER DENNING.

To be Ambassador in Tokyo on the resumption of full diplomatic relations with Japan. He has been U.K. political representative and head of the liaison mission in Tokyo since last August; he was previously chief political adviser to the Supreme Allied Commander, South-East Asia, 1943 to 1946.



MR. ROBERT D. MURPHY.

To be the first post-war U.S. Ambassador to Japan. Mr. Murphy, who is fifty-seven, is at present Ambassador in Brussels. He was General Eisenhower's political adviser at the time of the North African landings, and adviser to Mr. Truman at Potsdam. He also participated in the negotiations for the Italian armistice.



LORD GREENE.

Died on April 16, aged sixty-eight. He was Master of the Rolls from 1937-49 and then a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary until 1950, when he retired because of ill-health. He took silk in 1922, and became a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1935. At fifty-three he was the youngest Master of the Rolls ever appointed. He was created a baron in 1941.



THE RT. REV. ROBERT H. MOBERLY.

Appointed Dean of Salisbury following the resignation of the Very Rev. H. C. Robins. The new Dean, who was born in 1884, was ordained in 1909. In 1914 he went to Transvaal for eleven years. He was then Principal of Bishop's College, Cheshunt, until he was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Stepney in 1936.



VISCOUNT HEREFORD.

Died on April 16, aged eighty-six. The Premier Viscount of England, he succeeded his father, the sixteenth Viscount, in 1930. Educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, he spent the greater part of his time in Breconshire and Herefordshire, where his ancestors had lived for over four centuries.

ARRIVING IN LONDON ON APRIL 16: AMR PASHA,
THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR.

Amr Pasha, the Egyptian Ambassador, who was recalled from London last December, arrived by air on April 16. He saw Mr. Eden and brought him a message from Hilaly Pasha, the Prime Minister. Sir Ralph Stevenson, Ambassador in Cairo, and Sir Robert Howe, Governor-General of the Sudan, arrived in London for talks on April 20.



IN LONDON WITH THE C.I.G.S.: GENERAL NURI YAMUT (RIGHT), CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE TURKISH ARMY, AT THE WAR OFFICE.

General Nuri Yamut, Chief of the Turkish General Staff, arrived in London recently for a brief visit. He paid a courtesy call on Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who can be seen in our photograph (left). General Nuri Yamut has been in Paris conferring with the N.A.T.O. commanders and taking part in the N.A.T.O. tactical exercise. General Nuri Yamut, who was born in 1890, has been Chief of the Turkish General Staff since June, 1950; he became Acting Chief of the General Staff in 1949.



SINGING IN LONDON THIS SUMMER: MME. KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, THE FAMOUS SOPRANO.

Mme. Kirsten Flagstad, famous for her rendering of the Wagnerian roles of Isolde and Brunnhilde, is in London and was due to appear at the Albert Hall on April 24 with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Furtwangler. She is also to sing again at the Mermaid Theatre in Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" and in Bach Cantatas.



A FORMER LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND M.P. FOR

THE CITY: THE LATE LORD BROADBRIDGE.

Died on April 16, aged eighty-three. He was Lord Mayor of London at the time of the Coronation of King George VI. He was Conservative M.P. for the City of London from 1938 until 1945, when he was created a baron. All his life he took a keen interest in social service, and for many years he was chairman of the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases.



MR. WALLACE B. PHILLIPS.

Died on April 14, aged sixty-six. Mr. Phillips was chairman and managing director, Pyrene Co. England, which he founded in 1913; and president of the American company. He was special assistant to Director-General of Naval Intelligence, U.S. Navy, 1940-41. He founded the U.S. Ambulance, G.B., 1940.



MR. FREDERIC AUSTIN.

Died on April 10, aged eighty. Mr. Austin was a singer, composer and teacher of music. He began his career as an organist: sang at Covent Garden in the Beecham seasons of 1910 and 1915, and was editor of the successful Playfair production of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric, Hammersmith.



HELD CAPTIVE BY THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS FOR TEN WEEKS:

DAVID BOTTOMLEY (LEFT) AND TONY MARTIN (RIGHT).

Three nineteen-year-old youths, sons of prominent British residents in Hong Kong, were released on April 8 after having been held by the Chinese Communists since January 28 when they landed by mistake from their dinghy on a Communist-occupied island. The third boy, whose photograph does not appear above, was Michael Salter. The boys, who were interned in a military barracks, said that they were treated courteously but underwent numerous interrogations.



NOT TO SEEK RE-ELECTION TO THE SENATE THIS YEAR: SENATOR TOM CONNALLY.

Senator Tom Connally, seventy-four-year-old Democratic chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, announced on April 13 that he would not seek re-election to the Senate. He worked closely with the late Senator Vandenberg, Republican, in establishing the bi-partisan foreign policy. The news of his retirement came as a surprise.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CROWNED HEADS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

Peggy Thorpe-Bates, as Mary, is both credibly and—very often—movingly, the thwarted woman whose reign has caused so much faction-fighting among historians. Earlier, we have a few scenes for Katherine Parr, Henry the Eighth's sixth wife : it is agreeable to think that she might have had the gracious regality

ALTHOUGH I am apt to repeat moodily that I distrust the chronicle play (modern style) ; that it must be an empty pageant, a parade of forms in wax, a conscientious historical exercise—although, I say, I repeat this (no doubt to keep the critical pecker up), in my heart I enjoy a chronicle as, in childhood, one enjoyed turning the pages of an illustrated history. The portraits there were all much alike. Edward the Sixth and Charles the Second looked from the text with the same wooden stare. And yet it was satisfying. "What is the use of a book without pictures or conversation?" said Alice. When I meet a historical chronicle, a succession of living pictures (and conversation to match), all is well.

To speak in this way is perhaps to do scant justice to "The Young Elizabeth" at the New Theatre. The story of the girlhood of a Queen, before she came to the throne on that strange day at Hatfield, is intelligent and sometimes exciting. It has pith and reality. Elizabeth is here credibly the Queen-to-be, the monarch who, thirty years on, would make the Tilbury speech. The fact that the characters live in the mind after curtain-fall shows the success of the two American dramatists, Jennette Dowling and Francis Letton. Events, we are sure, will move on from Hatfield. The company will not disperse to its dressing-rooms.

I must add quickly that, for its undeniable effect, the play depends upon some half-dozen performances. Smaller parts are shadowy; the producer has not ordered the stage with any special flash or zest. Still, we leave the theatre, thinking not about Dudley or Wyatt or Seymour, but—most reasonably—about Elizabeth and Mary, each a Princess, each a Queen. Mary Morris is Elizabeth. She holds us from the first entrance, her red hair cascading, when she runs into the house of Katherine Parr at Chelsea. She holds us still when, as a new-hailed Queen, having learned some harsh lessons in statecraft during the reigns of Edward and Mary, she receives at Hatfield (incredulously



"JIMMY EDWARDS IN COMIC EXUBERANCE AT THE HEAD OF A TWICE-NIGHTLY REVUE": "LONDON LAUGHS," AT THE ADELPHI, A SCENE FROM THE SHOW WITH (L. TO R.) JIMMY EDWARDS, VERA LYNN AND TONY HANCOCK.

of Margaretta Scott. The men are less important here. I remember best the loyal Parry of Robert Atkins, who can say much without speech.

There are crowned heads enough at the New Theatre. So, too, at the Birmingham Repertory where, to our happy astonishment, we have met Shakespeare's King Henry the Sixth, Queen Margaret, Edward the Fourth and the future Richard the Third. They are in the third part of "King Henry the Sixth," and we should not have been surprised to find them : it is only a year since Sir Barry Jackson restored Part Two, and he ought now—or so we must hope—to complete the trilogy next spring with Part One. This is needed restoration. We have been told too often that, textually, the plays are poor. They do not seem so in performance when the Wars of the Roses hurtle before us and the theatre is filled with a glorious clamour. The Birmingham productions have put to shame wealthier and larger theatres that have been shy of the trilogy.

Part Three, uncut, has appeared very seldom indeed. Thanks to the Birmingham revival (under Douglas Seale), and, in particular, to a trio of performances, I shall not forget such scenes as those in which Richard, crying "How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown," takes the mind back to Tamburlaine; York, crowned in paper, stands upon the molehill while Margaret ("she-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France") mocks at his state; three suns appear before the Yorkist heirs at Mortimer's Cross; and Henry, alone on Towton field, envies a shepherd's lot:

O God ! Methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point . . .

There is no need to catalogue : it suffices that all the high clangour of the late Elizabethan stage has filled the little theatre in Station Street; and that Rosalind Boxall (Margaret), Jack May (Henry), and



"THE DILEMMA OF AN IDEALIST IN A CRUEL DRAMA OF THE BOLIVAR REBELLION IN VENEZUELA, 1812": "MONTSERRAT," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT I., IN WHICH COLONEL IZQUIERDO (NOEL WILLMAN) EXPLAINS TO CAPTAIN MONTSERRAT (RICHARD BURTON) THAT THE LIVES OF THE SIX HOSTAGES DEPEND ON HIS READINESS TO REVEAL WHERE BOLIVAR IS HIDING.

at first, and who can blame her?) the news of Mary's death. The actress has not much chance for variety of emotion, but she does mark Elizabeth's development. Throughout she is strong, consistent, clear. She has the Tudor eye, the Tudor command. She is, we know, the destined Queen of England, one who might say already, as the older Elizabeth of Clemence Dane says in "Will Shakespeare":

Why, not a keel

Grounds on the Cornish pebbles, but the jar Thrills through all English earth home to my feet . . .

I know what darkness does, what dawn discovers
In all the English country. I am the Queen.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE CASTLE SPECTRE" (Players).—"Monk" Lewis's sumptuous Gothic-Romantic melodrama (Drury Lane, 1797) comes gallantly to the stage underneath the arches in Villiers Street. (March 31.)

"HENRY THE SIXTH, PART III." (Birmingham Repertory).—Bounty for Shakespearean collectors at Sir Barry Jackson's theatre. (April 1.)

"THE YOUNG ELIZABETH" (New).—An American light on Elizabeth's career between the deaths of Henry the Eighth and Queen Mary. Mary Morris gives an exciting study in Jennette Dowling and Francis Letton's impressive chronicle. (April 2.)

"WINTER JOURNEY" (St. James's).—Michael Redgrave's craftily-detailed performance as a drunken American actor who has one more chance on Broadway. (April 3.)

"BONNE BOUCHE" (Covent Garden).—Frivolity in South Kensington in John Cranko's ballet; music by Arthur Oldham, décor by Osbert Lancaster. (April 4.)

"MONTSERRAT" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—The dilemma of an idealist in a cruel drama of the Bolívar rebellion : Venezuela, 1812. Noel Willman and Richard Burton dominate

a play as fierce as the noonday heat. (April 8.)

"THE VORTEX" (Criterion).—Michael Gough now loyally presents the neurotic Nicky Lancaster in the transference of Coward's play to the West End. (April 9.)

"MY NAME IS WILDE" (New Torch).—This chronicle of the Wilde affair, raking over the ashes, discovers nothing new. (April 9.)

"LONDON LAUGHS" (Adelphi).—Jimmy Edwards in comic exuberance at the head of a twice-nightly revue. (April 12.)

"PARIS TO PICCADILLY" (Prince of Wales).—The usual accoutrements of a Folies Bergère revue, and a likeable comedian, Norman Wisdom. (April 12.)

"THE MERRY WIDOW" (Stoll).—A moderate revival of a famous musical play, with some good singing. (April 14.)

"THE OTHER HEART" (Old Vic).—James Forsyth's treatment of Villon (of which more later) is uneven, but better than his Abelard play. One sustained achievement by Alan Badel. (April 15.)

Paul Daneman (Richard) have acted with unwavering intelligence. I wish that it could be made possible for the Old Vic, some time this summer, to house the Birmingham production : it would grace Waterloo Road, and London collectors would be grateful.

The only crowned head in "Winter Journey" (St. James's) is a star of the stage who is finding that his head lies uneasily. He is an American actor called Frank Elgin, a drunkard with a last chance upon Broadway. Because he is expressed so touchingly, and with a remarkable profusion of detail, by Michael Redgrave, we hope for the man's survival. Clifford Odets has written this three-cornered drama of struggling actor, determined producer and enigmatic wife ; and, thanks to the playing of Mr. Redgrave, of Sam Wanamaker, and of Googie Withers, it should run. It is not a very important piece, and the author has used what some may hold to be an indefensible trick. For all that, we do want to know what happens, and whether Elgin will keep his crown. For its suspense and its acting material, "Winter Journey" deserves to last through the summer.

After a winter journey, a sentimental excursion. My next crowned head is regal in the sense that Sonia, the merry widow who reaches the arms of Prince Danilo of Marsovia at the end of Act Three, has long been of the blood royal of the light musical stage. Even if some virtue has passed from the old piece, Lehar's music shines still. For all with a sense of theatrical history, it was heartening to see how a great Bank Holiday house at the Stoll rose to "Vilia" and "Little Arbour" : oddly, there was less enthusiasm for the waltz song. There have been merrier widows, but Margaret Mitchell's voice charms. Colin Thomas with Linda Lee had to sing "Little Arbour" three times, though the producer had not allowed for an encore. Admirable : one had better not complain too strenuously that Baron Popoff's humour seems to have evaporated and that the Danilo has presence without voice.

Simon Bolívar, the "Liberator," that South American king uncrowned, is a long way from the bubbles of Edwardian Paris. He does not appear in



"MICHAEL REDGRAVE'S CRAFTILY-DETAILED PERFORMANCE AS A DRUNKEN AMERICAN ACTOR WHO HAS ONE MORE CHANCE ON BROADWAY": "WINTER JOURNEY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S, SHOWING MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS FRANK ELGIN AND GOOGIE WITHERS AS HIS WIFE IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WHICH OUR CRITIC DESCRIBES AS "DESERVING TO LAST THROUGH THE SUMMER."

"Montserrat," at the Lyric, Hammersmith ; his influence pervades the piece, which is set in the period of the Spanish punitive expedition to Venezuela during 1812. Unless Bolívar is found, unless the young Spanish officer who has aided him to escape reveals his whereabouts, six hostages picked at random from the square of Valencia will be shot. The rest is a duel between idealist and fanatic, gallant captain (Richard Burton) and inflexible Colonel (Noel Willman), a protracted shiver-drama that, in Lillian Hellman's translation from the French of Emanuel Roblès, fills out a night at once uncommonly tense and unpleasant. All very well, in its fashion ; but the play will be revived less frequently than "The Merry Widow."



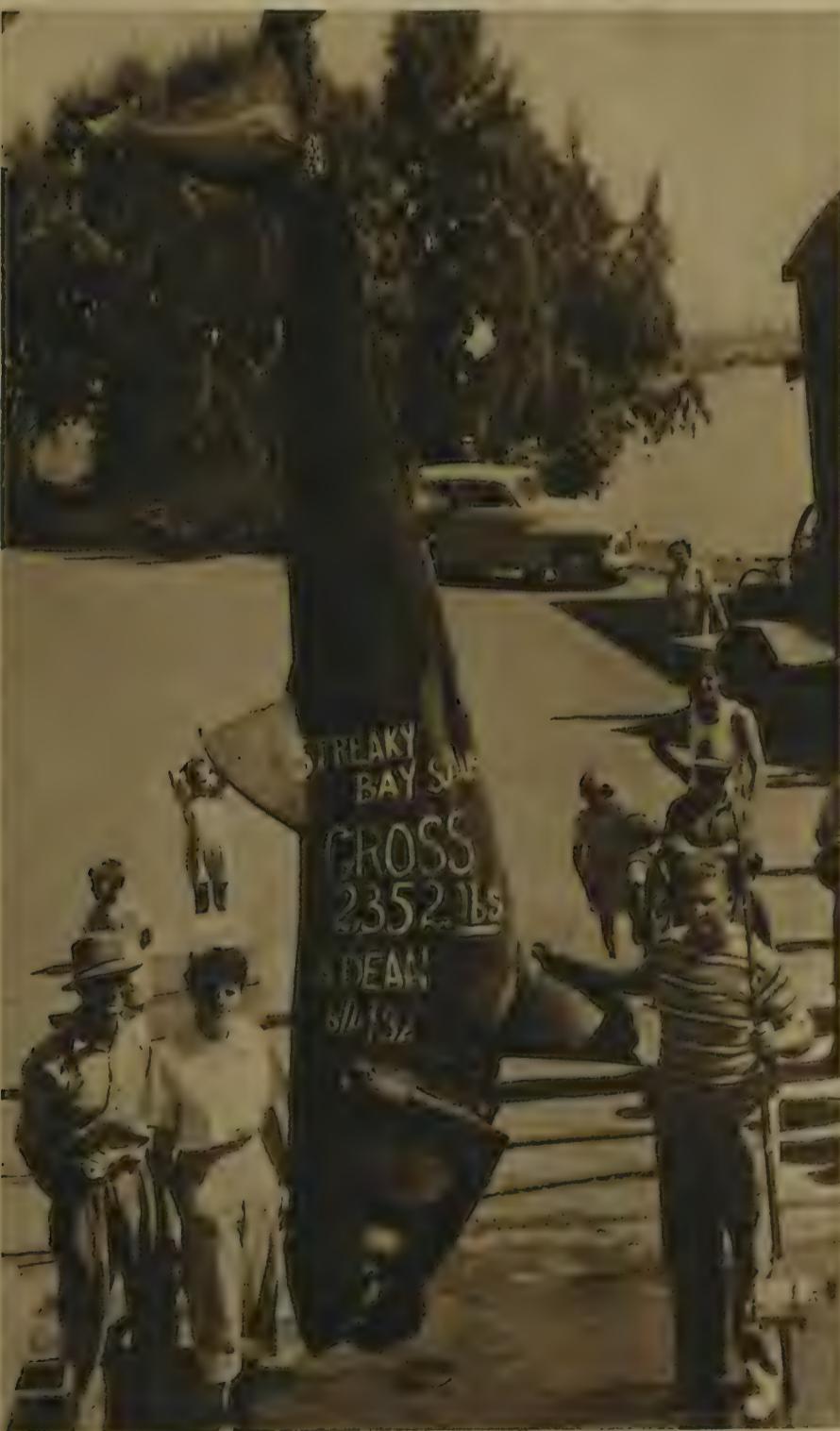
TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE AS THE NEW PRESIDENT OF BOLIVIA: SENOR PAZ ESTENSSORO (WITH HAND UPRAISED), WHO RETURNED FROM EXILE AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

Three days of heavy fighting, which ended on Good Friday afternoon with the victory of the insurgents and the signature of a truce, caused the heaviest loss of life, estimated at 4000 deaths, recorded in any Bolivian revolution. Senor Estenssoro, head of the National Revolutionary Movement (M.N.R.), returned to the capital on April 15 as President. He had been in exile in Buenos Aires since 1946. He won the Presidential election last year, but was excluded by a conservative military junta.

THE BOLIVIAN REVOLUTION, AN AFFRAY MEMORIAL SERVICE, AND OTHER ITEMS.



CIVIL LEADER OF THE INSURGENTS IN THE BOLIVIAN REVOLUTION: SENOR HERNAN SILES (CENTRE), WHO ASSUMED POWER AS ACTING PRESIDENT ON APRIL 11. HE WAS THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IN THE ELECTIONS LAST YEAR.



STATED TO BE THE FIRST GAME FISH WEIGHING MORE THAN A TON EVER CAUGHT BY ROD AND LINE ANYWHERE: A WHITE POINTER SHARK LANDED BY MR. A. DEAN AT STREAKY BAY, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

A world record for big-game fishing was set up on April 6, when Mr. Alfred Dean landed on rod and line a white pointer shark at Streaky Bay, South Australia. The official weight is given as 2333 lb. The difference between that figure and the weight painted on the fish may be due to the fact that when it was weighed for official purposes it had lost body weight. It was 16 ft. 3 ins. long, with a girth of 8 ft. 11 ins. Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Norrie held the previous record with a white pointer shark of 2225 lb., caught at Port Lincoln.



ARRANGING THE WREATHS IN THE TORPEDO STOWAGE COMPARTMENT: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE SUBMARINE *ALLIANCE*, FROM WHICH THE FLOWERS WERE CAST OVERBOARD AS MARINE BUGLERS SOONED "LAST POST," AT THE SPOT WHERE *AFFRAY* WAS FOUND. A memorial service for the 75 officers and men of the submarine *Affray*, which failed to surface after an under-water patrol exercise in the English Channel on April 17 last year, was held on the first anniversary in the submarine *Alliance* at the spot where *Affray* was ultimately found. Rear-Admiral G. W. G. Simpson, Flag Officer, Submarines, read the lesson and cast the first of 95 wreaths over the side.



SKIMMING PAST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY: A NEW ALUMINIUM P.T. (M.T.B.) WHICH IS DESCRIBED AS ONE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S "NEWEST AND SPEEDIEST" SURFACE CRAFT. DETAILS OF ITS SPEED HAVE NOT BEEN RELEASED BUT IT IS STATED TO BE MUCH FASTER THAN ANY P.T. BOAT USED IN WORLD WAR II.

SPORT, OUTDOOR AND INDOOR; ART; SCIENCE; AN APPEAL; AND A DISASTER.



MOTHERWELL WELCOMES THE SCOTTISH CUP FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE CLUB'S HISTORY.

On April 19, at Hampden Park, Glasgow, before a crowd of 136,000, Motherwell beat Dundee by four goals to none, to win the Scottish Cup for the first time in their history. This was Motherwell's fifth appearance in the final and their second in successive years.

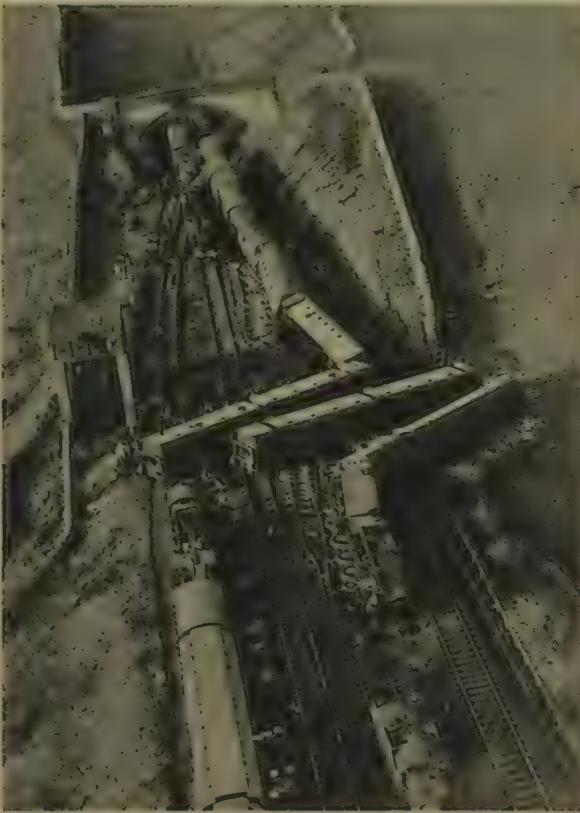


WITH THE RUGBY LEAGUE CUP, WHICH THEY HAD WON FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR HISTORY: THE WORKINGTON TOWN TEAM AT WEMBLEY.

On April 19, at Wembley Stadium, before a crowd of 73,000, Workington won the Rugby League Cup by beating Featherstone Rovers by 18 points to 10 in one of the best finals for many years. Workington Town joined the Rugby League in 1945 and last year won the championship. This year is their first Cup triumph.



TO BE ERECTED IN OSLO TOWN HALL: A GIANT ASTROLABE, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT STRASBOURG, IN FRANCE. This astrolabe, now completed and shortly to be installed at Oslo, is said to show Greenwich Mean Time, Oslo Time, Astral Time, the times of sunrise and sunset, the position of the sun and moon in relation to the Zodiac, the phases of the moon and lunar and solar eclipses. The signs of the Zodiac appear at the circumference.



THE DERAILED ENGINE AND COACHES IN THE BLEA MOOR RAILWAY DISASTER, IN WHICH FORTY-EIGHT PERSONS WERE INJURED.

On the afternoon of April 18, between Blea Moor tunnel and Ribblehead Viaduct, in Yorkshire, the second engine of the 9.15 a.m. Glasgow to St. Pancras express ran off the rails and dragged with it seven out of eight coaches, tearing up much of the track. There were no deaths, but forty-eight persons were injured.



"INIGO JONES IN OLD AGE": A STUDY FROM THE LIFE BY WILLIAM DOBSON (1611-1646), CURRENTLY EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

This portrait (canvas, 13 by 11 ins.) featured in an exhibition at the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Sons in King Street, S.W.1, is believed to be the life-study from which the Chiswick House portrait of the great Elizabethan architect was painted. The two have been compared and are identical except that the study is freer and more fluid in drawing.



ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT SMALL GEORGIAN CHURCHES: ST. KATHERINE'S, CHISELHAMPTON, IN NEED OF REPAIR AND THE SUBJECT OF A CURRENT APPEAL.

St. Katherine's, Chiselhampton, Oxon, was built in 1762 to the designs of Samuel Dowbiggin, and is a singularly beautiful and unspoilt small Georgian church. It serves a hamlet of 136 persons and is in urgent need of repairs which will cost about £3000, far beyond the parish's means. Subscriptions have been sought in a recent appeal signed by a number of distinguished men and should be sent to the Treasurer, C. J. Peers, Esq., Chiselhampton House, Stadhampton, Oxfordshire.



EXHIBITION CHESS: DAVID BRONSTEIN, THE RUSSIAN MASTER (STANDING), MOVING AGAINST A 14-YEAR-OLD BOY, KEITH STANLEY, ONE OF HIS 21 OPPONENTS.

On April 16, the Russian chess masters, David Bronstein and Mark Taimanoff, each played twenty-one opponents at an exhibition match at the British Czechoslovak Friendship League in London. Bronstein, who was runner-up in the world championship last year, won 18 games and drew three. One of his hardest victories was against the Ilford boy, Keith Stanley, whom Bronstein praised and congratulated. Taimanoff won 14, drew four and lost three.

MAN'S SKILL—LEGAL AND ILLEGAL; A MEMORIAL, AND COVENTRY'S GRATITUDE.



THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS OF THE LEONARDO QUINTCENTENARY; THE PACKED SQUARE AT VINCI, WITH (LEFT) THE TRIBUNE FROM WHICH SPEECHES WERE DELIVERED BY SIGNOR DE GASPERI AND DR. TORRES BODET, REPRESENTING U.N.E.S.C.O.



NOW RESTORED AS A PERMANENT MEMORIAL TO LEONARDO DA VINCI: THE HOUSE ON THE SLOPES OF MONTE ALBANO, ANCHIANO, WHERE HE WAS BORN ON APRIL 15, 1452. President Einaudi, Signor De Gasperi and other political, civic, diplomatic and ecclesiastical dignitaries attended the opening of the da Vinci Quincentenary celebrations on April 15, anniversary of his birth. Wreaths were laid before his bust in the fifteenth-century house where he was born; and speeches delivered from a tribune in the square of Vinci. The restored and reconsecrated font in which Leonardo was christened is now in the Baptistry, and President Einaudi stood sponsor to a child baptised in it.

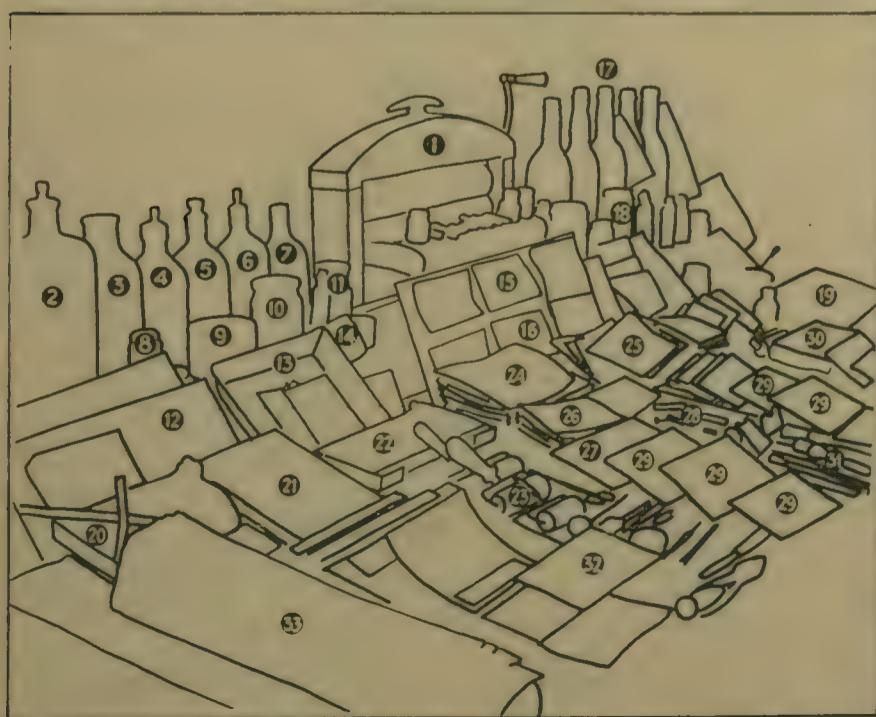


RECENTLY COMPLETED, AND OPENED BY M. PINAY, THE FRENCH PREMIER, ON APRIL 20: THE MILE-LONG TUNNEL TO CARRY MOTOR TRAFFIC UNDER THE CITY OF LYONS.

The mile-long tunnel for wheeled traffic under the busy centre of Lyons has now been completed after twelve years, at a cost of £1,500,000. Graduated lighting has been installed to overcome the driver's momentary blindness on leaving daylight. Our photograph shows workmen putting final touches to the approach.



COVENTRY'S GIFT CAR STARTS FOR BELGRADE PRESENTATION: THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF COVENTRY WISH MR. GUNNAR POPPE *BON VOYAGE* IN THE HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE. Coventry received £9000-worth of timber from Belgrade for reconstruction, and is presenting to Belgrade a replica of the Mayoral car, a *Humber* Pullman limousine, symbolic of Coventry craftsmanship, as an expression of gratitude. Mr. Gunnar Poppe, Rootes' Group Zone Controller for Europe and the Middle East, the well-known pre-war competition driver, is driving it to Belgrade; and later the Mayor of Coventry will in person present it to the Mayor of Belgrade.



THE ELABORATE OUTFIT OF A SKILLED COUNTERFEITER: A NUMBERED KEY.
(1) Wringer, used as printing press; (2) nitric acid; (3) liquid glue; (4) silver nitrate; (5) iodizer; (6) coloured ether; (7) turpentine; (8) brown enamel; (9) blue enamel; (10) sulphate crystal green; (11) ammonia; (12) metal sheets for mixing paints; (13) acid dishes; (14) water mark; (15 and 16) halved notes; (17) acids; (18) jars of paints and inks; (19) engraved plate; (20) apparatus with propeller for mixing colours evenly; (21) numbering apparatus; (22) marking board for numbers; (23) roller for inks and tools; (24) uncut £1 notes; (25) uncut 10s. notes; (26) £1 notes; (27) engraved £1 note; (28) numbers mounted on wooden blocks; (29) glass plates; (30) uncut 10s. notes; (31) brushes; (32) engraved £1 plate; (33) rice paper for making notes.



THE WORK-BENCH OF A HIGHLY-SKILLED COUNTERFEITER: THE EQUIPMENT USED BY A PROCESS ENGRAVER WHO WAS SENTENCED ON APRIL 15 TO THREE YEARS FOR FORGING BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES. A NUMBERED KEY TO THE OBJECTS SHOWN IS ON THE LEFT.

The equipment used by a skilled counterfeiter for forging Bank of England notes was found in the Glasgow lodgings of a process engraver, Alexander Crawford, who was on April 15 sentenced to three years for forging Bank of England notes. There was a carefully laid-out work-bench with fluorescent lighting and the equipment we illustrate, stated to be more elaborate and extensive than any found previously in Scotland. Crawford was skilled, but frequently made one mistake. He printed the figure "8" upside down in the serial numbers.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK

CHESS
By BARUCH

OF all contemporary themes, the Iron Curtain is the most obvious. Of course we get a lot of it in fiction. Of course some writers are attracted by its dark side, and set themselves to pierce the gloom. But this attempt is not so common as one might expect *a priori*. And for a valid reason, after all. Up to a point, the mystery behind the Curtain is a good subject. But it is not, creatively a real subject. The "democratic" writer has not lived it. He is short of facts he is emotionally an outsider; and on top of that, he is afraid to let himself go. For if he understood too deeply, he might catch the plague. I don't say this restraint is conscious, but we feel it working, holding imagination in a leash. And so on all counts, the ambitious novelist is wise to keep out. This is a subject for the refugee, the man who was infected and escaped. What he presents is real—though he inclines to see it in a dark halo. Whereas with us, the Iron Curtain has become a property of the suspense novel. One is reminded of "Udolpho" and its horrid mysteries—and more especially of the "black veil," that theme of awful speculation, which concealed a waxwork.

"The Brotherhood of Fear," by Robert Ardrey (Collins; 12s. 6d.), makes a brave stand against the waxwork school. It is a "work of the imagination"; it is wholly serious. And to enforce the point, it has departed from geography. Its tyrant-state is small and primitive, and not on the map. Its hero-villain is the New Man, the age's "most significant invention." He is a member of the secret police, and he is chasing an escaped prisoner. One might suppose him used to it; but this pursuit is something extraordinary. Willy, the student-prisoner—only a boy, a mindless animal in flight—has dodged him for a whole month. Failure will soon be classed as sabotage. And Konnn has never yet put a foot wrong; he is so dim, so perfectly conditioned, so attuned to fears—which are his "evidences of a balanced life"—that he should last for ever. But now the fears are at his very throat. "The chase it seems not like an earthly chase." Is he the hunter or the quarry?

He is both at once. And he is cast up with his victim on a shepherds' isle, which has escaped the gospel by its insignificance. Again the demon-student is at large, and at the touch of love and nature he regains his soul. But those, to Konr, are destructive forces. Released from every pressure of the mainland he exults in freedom, and comes to realise that he has lived in hell. But he was bred to hell, and if he can't create it he must break up. And yet not all of him is lost. Something survives in Willy, his eternal partner—Willy, whom he has marked for life, who can't have peace upon the island, who must fight on.

It is a large, if not original idea : and a long book, and beautifully done in patches. But except in patches, it has no reality. Willy and Konnr are true poetic symbols, but the shepherds' island does not exist. And as a story of adventure, it is dead slow.

"Trial by Terror," by Paul Gallico (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is in the regular "Udolpho" class. Nick Strang, who runs a newspaper in Paris, has been saddled with a "new boy"—a huge, red-headed, over-bearing sample of triumphant self-confidence. Within a week or so he is pursuing Nick's wife and fulminating at his inefficiency. There is another spy trial in the news, this time from Budapest. This time, the victim is American; yet no one cares, or tries to learn a thing about it. Frobisher seemed in perfect health—yet he stood up in court, and read a public lesson of his "crimes." To Jimmy it appears fantastic. Would he confess imaginary crimes? Not in a million years—at any rate, not short of torture. How on earth was it done, and why does nobody find out? Because they're all like Nick—soft, gutless, European. Give Jimmy half a chance and he would nip across to Hungary and find out for himself.

The chance occurs; and very shortly, he is finding out. With all his brag, he is not even a tough subject. He is not mature enough. And they intend to hang him. The State Department will protest—but it will do no more. But there is still the editor whom he despised. Nick has a plan to get him back—an outside chance, a race with the confessional. . . .

For thrillers ought not to end badly. And though this tale affords a glimpse—only a glimpse, not an intensive scrutiny—of "how it is done," yet it remains essentially a thriller. It is absorbing, skilful, admirable in its line; but it is not serious.

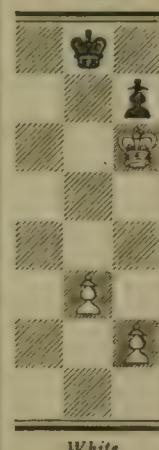
Whereas the rather artless "*Fabia*," by Olive Higgins Prouty (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is a serious work: because its theme is personal and felt, because it deals, though simply, with a deep experience. Apparently there is a tribe of Vales, and we have here a chapter in their family chronicle. Indeed, the get-together element is strong, and too suggestive of an Old Girls' reunion. But *Fabia* has dropped right out: "What has become of her?" is still the cry. She has her job; she has a room in a mean street, and is supposed to be absorbed in writing, and avoids even her own mother. Of course the lurking reason is a man. He is much older than herself—a doctor, with a wife and children and the highest principles, and nothing left for spare time. This strictly innocent relation has gone off from it too, for he is deep in love. Still, he has pleased exclusively with her obsession. And it must be stopped novelising start to mince: but the core is quite sound.

"A Private View," by Michael Innes (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), evolves as a more-thriller-than-detective romp, in what is not, to me, the author's best vein. Still, that depends entirely on your predilections. The opening at the Da Vinci gallery is first-rate—brilliant, incomparable fooling. An insignificant young abstract painter has been found shot, and so the gallery is cashing in. Then the chief painting in the show, "The Fifth and Sixth Days of Creation," is itself abstracted, under the very nose of Appleby, who has been dragged there by his wife. From that point on, things get too rompish and befogged, but there is no decay in verve. Everything dovetails neatly at the end, and there is many a flamboyant scene. But I could wish the author's brilliance had a fixed course. K. JOHN.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

In an early number of my chess magazine I published the explanation of how to win from the position diagrammed here. Recently in the



White

Midland Championship, sixteen years later, I encountered the position in play for the first time, and duly utilised the knowledge stored in my mind for sixteen years. Perhaps could have worked it out myself without having the "book" knowledge; but I might have had to tackle the job when short of time and made some hasty move which destroyed the winning possibility.

The method is unusually clean-cut for chess because Black has no choice of move at any stage. He cannot move his pawn, so must oscillate his king between Kt1 and Rr.

1. K-Kt5 or 1. K-R5 are hardly to be considered. They would delay and complicate but not, I think, jeopardise the win. 1. P-R3 would do no harm, but 1. P-R4 would throw away the win. We shall see why in another six or seven moves.

1. K-R1

2. P-Kt5

2. P-R4 would again be fatal.

2. K-Kt1

3. P-R3 !

The only move to win. 3. P-Kt6, P×P leaves White with rook's pawn only; and king and rook's pawn cannot win against king, if the defending party stays in the corner. Try it! 3. P-R4 would lead to stalemate: 3. . . . K-R1; 4. P-R5, K-Ktr 5. P-Kt6, P×P; 6. P×P (*not* 6. K×P, *again leaving the rook's pawn only*), K-R1; 7. P-Kt7ch K-Kt1, and now White, so as not to lose his pawn must play 8. K-Kt6 stalemate. To go back to the actual play:

4. P-R4 5. P-R5 6. P-Kt6 6. . . . P×P; 7. P×P, K-Ktr; 8. P-Kt7, K-B2 9. K-R7 is no better.	3. K-R1 K-Kt1 K-R1 K-Kt1
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7. P-Kt7
and Black resigns, as 7. . . . K-B2 (forced) allows
8. K×P and the pawn queens.
The whole point of the ending is, of course, to
make all possible progress with the king, and with
the pawn which has already advanced from its
initial square, then to calculate whether the unmoved
pawn must make an initial single jump or double
jump so as to arrive on the scene at the right
moment. If a single jump wins, then a double jump
only draws, and vice versa. It was in this form
that I mentally stored the method, and I recommend
you to do the same; and I hope you don't have to
wait sixteen years!

er but snatches of his
years. Oliver suffers
of real life; she lives
. . . Here, truth and

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE TO BLENHEIM

I WISH that when I was reviewing Sir Campbell Stuart's autobiography a week or two ago I had had "The History of 'The Times,'" Volume IV., Parts I. and II. (Printing House Square; 25s. each) to hand. For the first volume covers the period when Lord Northcliffe was chief proprietor—a period which spills over into the second volume, and which saw the great influence of Sir Campbell at Printing House Square as Northcliffe's *fidus Achates*. This picture of Northcliffe seen through the eyes of Printing House Square is fascinating. The scholarly, conservative-minded gentlemen—the "dunderheads" or "Old Gang" as Northcliffe called them in moments of exasperation—obviously never knew what to make of the "Napoleon of Fleet Street." To say that they did not like his methods, his spate of new ideas, his ebullience, his unpredictability, would be to

NOTES.

WOOD, M.Sc.

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put it mildly. On the other hand, they recognised that it was Northcliffe and his new ideas and new methods which saved *The Times* from gradual extinction in the face of the competition of its more vigorous and lively rivals. For all his faults, too, there is no question that Northcliffe inspired in his exasperated staff an affection which led them to return in genuine measure the feeling expressed in those familiar notes of admonition, harassment or praise which ended "your affectionate Chief." If the gentlemen of Printing House Square never knew quite what to make of Northcliffe, Northcliffe, for his part, never quite knew what to make of *The Times*. In his quarrels with his two editors, Geoffrey Dawson and Wickham Steed, on each occasion it is apparent from these volumes that he did not wish the resignation of either man. All he required—and he considered it a small sacrifice—was the subordination of these cultured, well-informed scholars to himself. That both Dawson and Steed might not see that it was only a small thing which he required of them was a source of puzzlement and hurt indignation to him. Nevertheless, except over the quarrel with Lloyd George and over the vendetta with Milner, Dawson's close friend and ally, both editors saw eye to eye with the Chief. For Northcliffe had an uncanny knack of being right. He was right over the German menace before 1914. He was right in 1918 over the necessity for a new attitude towards labour on the part of Government and employer alike. He was right on peace aims (until the quarrel with Lloyd George made him make a complete *volte face*), and he was supremely right on Ireland. Indeed, it is one of the tragedies of Anglo-Irish relations, which through the centuries have been bedevilled by the epitaph "too little and too late," that the policy for an Irish settlement which he brought in the late Captain R. J. Herbert Shaw to advocate so brilliantly in *The Times*, was not adopted until events and sentiment in Ireland had made them out of date. Had Shaw's articles in *The Times* been listened to by the Government, the Anglo-Irish war need never have taken place, and the later Civil War would almost certainly have been avoided. The second of these two volumes carries the story a little sketchily as regards Barrington-Ward's editorship and the post-war world up to Barrington-Ward's death in 1948. Together, like their predecessors, they constitute an immensely important historical document. True to the great tradition of Printing House Square, *The Times* tells its own story with complete detachment and impartiality. That *The Times* was sometimes wrong, the reader is left to judge for himself. From the documentation one can see how extremely wrong it could be. Thus the folly of Wickham Steed in advocating the break-up of the Hapsburg monarchy in favour of the weak and quarrelsome little States which were the bane of the post-World War I. world, and largely the cause of World War II., stands out clearly enough. And so, too, does the blind search for appeasement on the part of Dawson and Barrington-Ward. This episode (though it can hardly be called that, as it covered a number of years) is one which will not, I think, be recalled with pride in Printing House Square. Not that the reasons for the policy were dishonourable. Geoffrey Dawson had been a foremost protagonist with Northcliffe in warning his countrymen of the German menace in 1914, but he considered, as did Barrington-Ward, that the Versailles Treaty was a profound injustice and a profound irritant. And there is nothing dishonourable in seeking peace and ensuing it. It was the methods adopted by *The Times* which were questionable. As the author says: "The *Times* Correspondents in Europe felt bothered by the practice of excluding anything that the Germans might choose to regard as 'unfair' from both the leader and the news-columns of the paper. It looked to them as though Correspondents' messages were being 'trimmed' to fit a policy. In fact, messages were cut or omitted from time to time in accordance with what was accepted by the Editor as the requirements of diplomacy." For anybody interested in the history of our times, each volume constitutes the most valuable 25s.-worth you can buy.

In the same way, I wish that when I reviewed Marie Madeleine Martin's "The Making of France" recently I had had before me "Eternal France," a magnificent album of photographs by the great Swiss photographer Martin Hürlimann (Thames and Hudson; 42s.). In his appreciation, which constitutes the foreword, M. Paul Valéry writes: "Whether we consider its racial composition or its psychology, the French people is more than any other the creation of its environment, and the secular work of definite geographical conditions. No people is more closely associated with the quarter of the globe which it inhabits" than the French. Because M. Hürlimann has appreciated this it is much more than an album of beautiful photographs. It is a vivid evocation of all that is best in French civilisation itself.

Of "Blenheim Palace," by David Green (*Country Life*: £6 6s.), I can only

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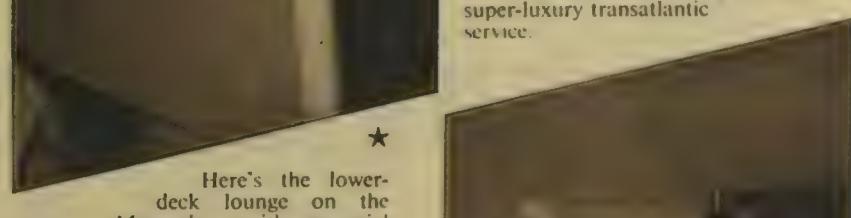


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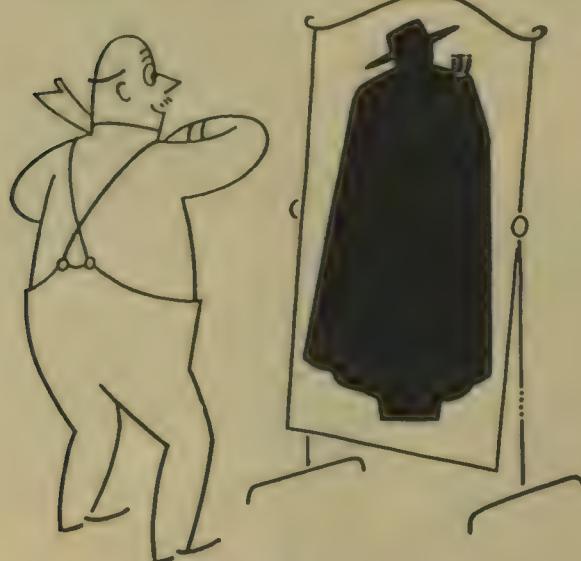
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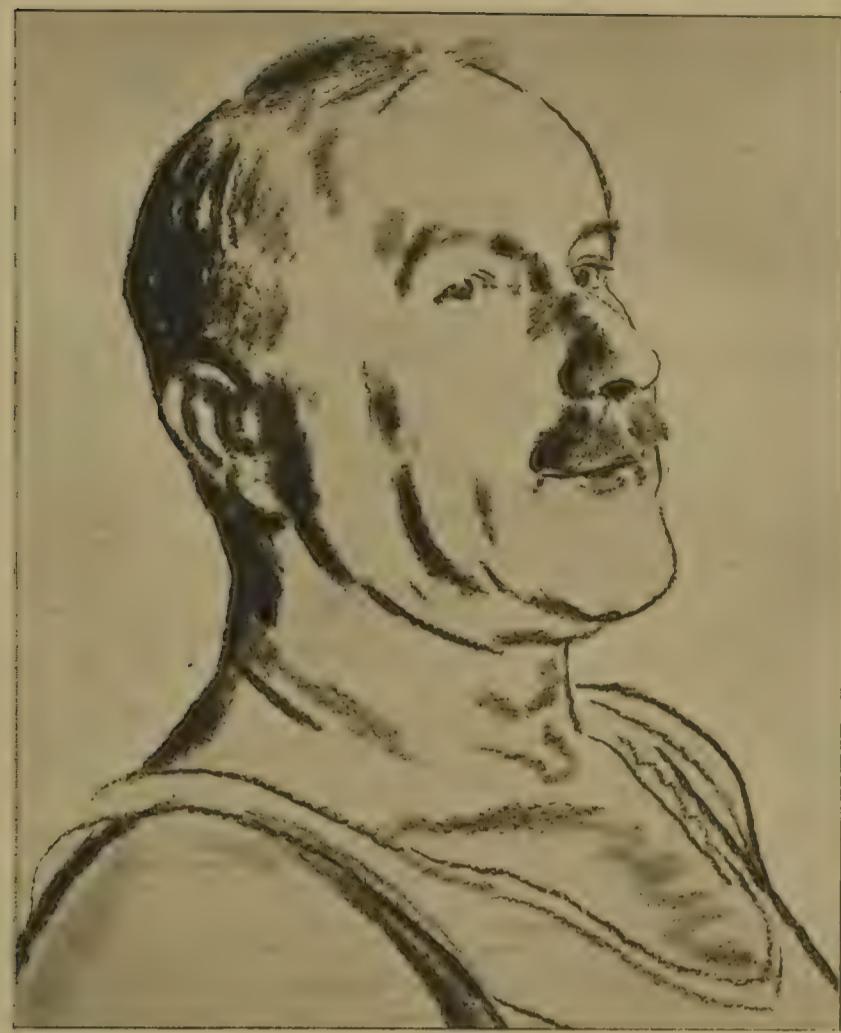
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Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

A man of few words

Long before momentous events have become newspaper headlines, taciturn Tom Armstrong*, in charge of one of the paper-making machines at Bowaters Kemsley Mill, has run through the newsprint to carry the news.

At one end of the towering machine, a hundred yards in length, a sheet of liquid of the colour and apparent consistency of thin porridge is carried in by a moving belt. As it travels over a series of suction boxes this grey liquid quite suddenly whitens, for all the world like an egg beginning to poach. Almost instantaneously it has turned into paper, gliding on over steam-filled cylinders which carry it along to the roll.

If you can hear him above the noise, Armstrong will explain that four miles of paper are wound onto the roll every fifteen minutes throughout the twenty-four hours of every day. There are many such mammoth machines in the Bowater Organisation and this particular one happens to be the widest paper-making machine in the world. It is known, he will tell you, as "Bowaters' Number 5"—and it produces a roll 300 inches wide, which is cut into five to fit the printing presses. "Bit quicker than making papyrus," you shout. "What?" shouts Tom. "Quicker than making parchment," you bellow through your cupped hands. "No.. 300 inches," Tom replies. "Widest in the world." And on a strip of newly-made paper he writes the figure down.

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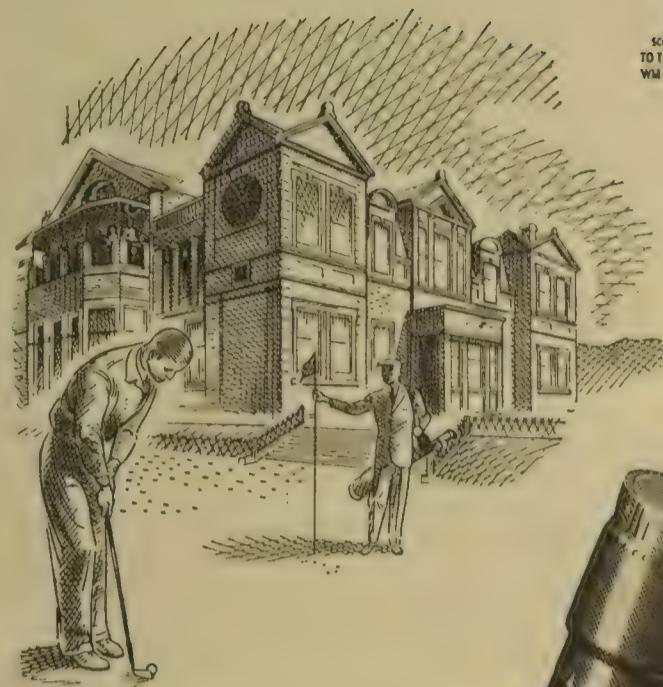
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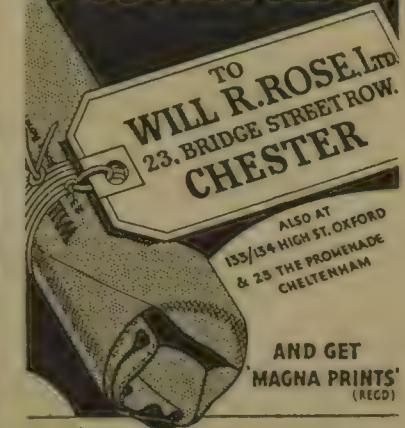
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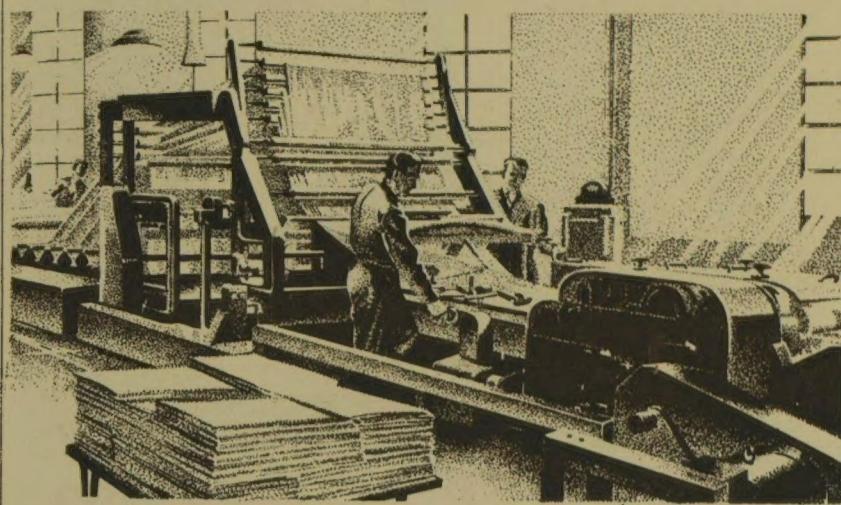
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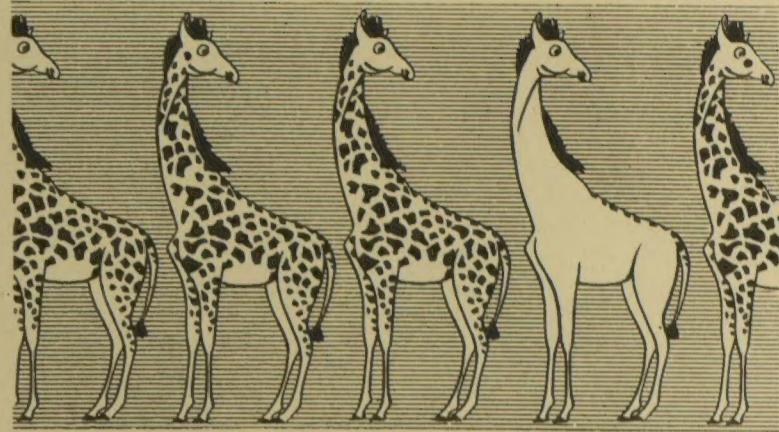
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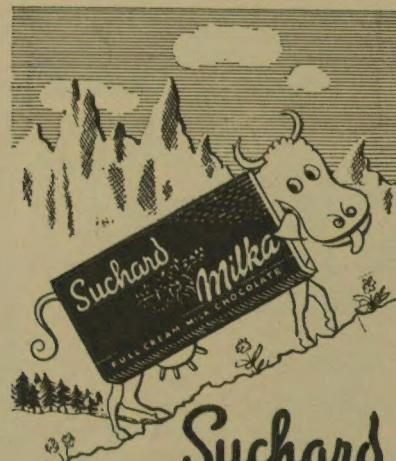
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